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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 27, 1953



Special Coronation issue

FJB



ALAS FOR PRETTY SUSAN DAWN
WHO SKIPPED HER BREAKFAST
EVERY MORN!



SHE LOST HER LOOKS AND LOST HER PUNCH



AND NEVER SPARKED AT ALL 'TIL LUNCH



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The Carolina belle Kitty Gatewood, travelling to meet her fiancé, has some very rugged experiences among the warring parties.

15/- From all Booksellers

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MAY 27, 1953

Vol. 20, No. 52

THE BRITISH HERITAGE

ALL the world admires Britain's ability to put on a show, and the coronation of a British monarch is the most impressive and magnificent spectacle in her great tradition.

But it is more than a spectacle for the tourist trade. Its meaning is deep in the hearts and minds of the people.

The loyalty they feel for the Crown is one sign of the stability for which the British race is known.

All that is indestructible in the British character—the readiness to serve a good cause, the ability to rise above fearful odds, the will to endure—is symbolised in the orders of knighthood and chivalry that traditionally surround the Crown and are in the forefront of the Coronation ceremonies.

Overseas visitors may regard as merely picturesque anachronisms such details as the touching of the sovereign's wrists with the golden spurs of chivalry and the bracelets of sincerity and wisdom.

But the British people believe in retaining such rituals because they believe in the standards of honor and chivalry symbolised in them.

The Queen, in making her solemn pledges of dedication, sets a standard not only for herself but for the nation as a whole.

As the pageant unfolds step by magnificent step, the heritage of the past is handed into the keeping of the present.

The act of coronation is, as well as the acceptance of the monarch, the rallying and spiritual renewal of the country's chivalry.

Our cover:

● Our cover portrait of Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh was taken by Court photographer Baron, who also took the studies of the Queen and her husband which appear on pages 16 and 17. The scroll decoration on the cover, incidentally, which was done by Frank Broadhurst, incorporates insignia symbolising the nations which swear fealty to Elizabeth.

This week:

● There are exactly 17 pages devoted to the Coronation in this issue and 42 color pictures. Yes, we counted them. In the count we included the pictures of Mrs. Mary Johnson, our Contest winner, being fitted out for her trip to London, because we feel that she's our ambassador there for the big occasion. Robert Sampson, the second-prize winner, is represented in the issue by a poem (page 11) that's worthy of the talent that topped the Imaginary Conversation entries.

Next week:

● Next week we will present the first instalment of "In The Wet," Nevil Shute's highly controversial and topical novel about the Royal Family and British politics. It will be published complete in four long instalments specially illustrated by Wep. You may not share Mr. Shute's opinions—we don't entirely—but you'll agree he's written another winner.

On the other hand, we couldn't agree more with Hector Bolitho, the distinguished historian-biographer, who, in his story on pages 16, 17, and 22, makes this very good point: That the strength of the British Crown lies in the faith of the people.

● A feature of the issue will be the enlarged section of social jottings, including a page in color. It will be the first of a series of big social sections we will run during the Coronation celebrations to cover the many social events abroad and in each of the Australian States.

Entertaining story of a raw new sawbones at sea

Book review by
AINSLIE BAKER

deaths of other ship's doctors, do not regard the profession very highly.

However, having proved himself a good fellow by passing out at a cabin party, Gordon, despite early sea-sickness, is finally accepted by his shipmates.

His medical duties are not exacting, consisting mainly of patching-up crew members who get into fights and producing a draught of sufficient potency to soothe the Captain's stomach and thus make life bearable for those who sail with him.

This is fortunate, as most of the ship's medical supplies have been "flogged" by the enterprising doctor's steward, Easter, a former three-card-trick man.

The best incident is when a ship's member develops what Gordon diagnoses as acute appendicitis, and he prepares to operate with a pair of pliers, two saloon forks, a packet of needles labelled "A Sailor's Friend," some paper clips, a stiletto, and a surgical scalpel.

In the meanwhile preparations for the unfortunate patient's funeral are being carried out with cynical good humor.

Gordon's big moment comes when he undertakes to prove the Captain insane.

"Doctor at Sea" is by no means screamingly funny, but it's entertaining enough for a place in an overnight bag.

It is hardly likely, however, to appeal to those whose nearest medical help is a newly graduated doctor.

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● The deeper-brushing Beauty Brush by Addis. Glittering Jewellee handles in three lovely colors.

LOVE COMES BUT ONCE

By DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

**He was handsome and dashing,
she was young and pretty. . . .
But father didn't approve, so
they eloped at the reckless
speed of twenty miles an hour.**

MARYLIN lay on the grass in the shade of a great copper beech tree. Her grandfather sat on the terrace close by, reading "The Times." Her grandmother was putting snapdragons into the garden. She wore corduroys, the ends tucked into gumboots, giving her a Cossack air—and the sort of sun-glasses that call to mind the front of an old-fashioned Ford car.

"Really, what you look like!" said Marilyn, idly amused.

"What? Me? Never mind, dear. I can look like a lady still when I have to, but these do save the stockings."

"Graham, darling, I wonder you don't interfere."

"I do," said the Colonel, without looking up, "but it makes little dif-

ference. Handsome is as handsome does, we must remember."

He regarded the bent back of his spouse fondly. "And don't call me Graham," he said. "A proper respect is what I ask but never get."

He turned "The Times" to another column. Rumor had it that the Colonel read from page one to the end, then from the end back to page one again. After which he just browsed. This morning he had got to the browsing.

"You know very well," said

Marilyn, her chin propped in her hands, "that the finest compliment my generation can pay to yours, Graham, is to treat you as equals and call you by your Christian names."

The Colonel's retort was inaudible, and it broke off short as his face lit. "Upon my soul, old Tarleton is dead! You remember him in Lucknow, my dear. A round-faced fellow."

"With hair like moss. Indeed, yes, I remember him. He was sufficient

in himself to wreck any party," said Mrs. Carmichael.

"Well," said the Colonel, pleased, "he's dead!" He browsed on. Marilyn said, holding out her magazine, "Look, Liz, isn't this lovely. That's the car I would buy, if I had any money."

Mrs. Carmichael sat back on her heels and pulled off her gardening gloves. The Colonel looked at her over his paper.

"Take a rest, my dear. You look

flushed." He threw her a plastic cushion.

"You really are lazy, Graham," said Marilyn. "There you sit, cool and dapper, and let Liz do all the work!"

"One schemer is worth two workers," retorted the Colonel, and read some more. "And I dislike to hear you call your grandmother Liz," he added.

"How can I call her Grandmamma when she looks like this?" said Marilyn. "Besides, I'm sure she wouldn't like it."

"I could bear it if I had to," said Mrs. Carmichael. "I would offer it up as a mortification. Let's see."

She removed her sun-glasses, and felt in her pocket for her reading glasses.

"Your grandmother will soon need a small wheelbarrow to take all her spectacles round in," said the Colonel dryly.

"No," said Mrs. Carmichael, looking at the sports car, with its built-in headlights, long sleek new look, and wide chromium grin.

"No, dear, I can't like it. That rush of figure to the fore gives it such a feminine look to my mind. I suppose I'm old-fashioned."

"Darling, you can't like that

To page 52

And because the car wouldn't start he kept saying: "If we hadn't stopped for your wretched cup of tea."



**AUSTRALIAN
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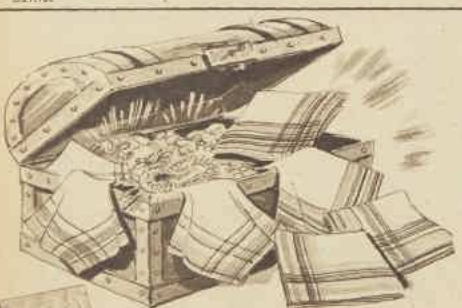
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**Concluding
our fascinating
serial by**

**JERRARD
TICKELL**

ILLUSTRATED
BY LASKIE

GENERAL DE LA CHANTERELLE strode along the Grande Rue, muttering. He was on his way to the office of his old friend, the Commissaire of Police. The English miscreants would learn that it was no laughing matter to assault and to insult a General of France. They would be sought, these villains, identified, apprehended, charged, and punished.

Even if it meant combing the town, if it meant holding up the departure of the vessel for England, they would get their deserts. My faith, but yes.

He breasted the hill and crossed the cobbled space before the Cathedral steps.

At the corner, a solitary car was standing. As the General passed, he distinctly heard the sound of a woman sobbing. It was no affair of his that a woman should be in tears. He had sterner business to attend to. He had hardly gone a further fifty paces before his march became a walk. Let the foolish creature sit in the car and cry by herself. If one were to attempt to comfort every woman in distress, one would have a busy time.

Nevertheless, the General found his walk becoming slower and slower. Finally he stopped. His inborn chivalry struggled with his indignation and won the day. He turned and walked back to the car. It was a battered old thing, and its only occupant was bent over the steering-wheel, her shoulders shaking. With some embarrassment, General de la Chanterelle took off his panama hat and gave a little cough.

"Pardon, Madame."

The girl in the car lifted a tear-stained face and looked at him. Ah! She was known to him. This was none other than Marie-Joséphine, daughter of Louis Berthier, who owned Clos d'Argent. But what, in the name of a pipe, was the fiancée of Henri Dubot doing alone in a car on a Sunday afternoon, and why was she in such distress?

The General had no marked affection for Monsieur Dubot, Notaire, and if this legal gentleman was responsible for a young girl's tears he would have little hesitation in laying a stick across his black-gowned shoulders.

He said with great sympathy: "Come, come, child. My name is General de la Chanterelle, and I am acquainted with your father. This is no way for a charming young lady to be on a sunny afternoon. Will you not permit me to assist you?"

"Nobody can help me. Nobody. And it is all my fault, Monsieur le General." She wiped her eyes and sniffed. A further outburst of tears was imminent, and the General patted her arm soothingly. She went on in the deepest despair. "It is all my fault because I was stupid and rude, and now he has gone away, I don't know where."

"The permanent departure of Monsieur Dubot," said the General acidly, "is a matter for celebration rather than for tears. There are sweeter fish in the sea than that requin, that shark in the coat of a sheep."

"But it is not of Henri Dubot that I speak. I have broken my contract with him. I speak of Jim Carver."

"Of whom?"

"Of Jim. Of Jim Carver of the Lancers, the 25th Lancers."

The General drew in breath with a little hiss.

"He is English, this man who causes you to cry?"



"Yes. English. He is from . . . from over beyond Burford in . . . the Cotswolds in England."

General de la Chanterelle opened the door of the car and stood as straight as a ramrod. His moustache, already bristling, became a forest of bayonets.

He said in staccato tones: "I had considered invoking the assistance of the police in the matter of the insupportable English. I, too, have been insulted, but grossly insulted, twice. The vessel which bears these scoundrels back to their vile country departs at six-fifteen. We will station ourselves by the gangway, Mademoiselle, and you will indicate to me the gentleman for whose sake you are in tears."

The years between had gone, and he was back again before the Marne. With the ancient thunder of cannon in his ears and the fire of battle in his heart, he echoed the immortal exhortation of his greatest commander: "Ils ne passeront pas."

So absorbed was Luke Grenfell in the prose of Andre Gide that a considerable period of time elapsed before he noticed the absence of Shorty. He frowned and looked around the bookshop. There was no sign of the built-up shoulders or the ghastly tie. So much the better. But they would surely meet again, alas, at the ghastly repast to be provided at five o'clock by Mr. Collins. Luke shuddered and went on reading.

After a few minutes he made his way to the bookseller and inquired the price of Andre Gide. He bought the book, slipped it into his pocket and strolled towards the door. The bookseller, an old man, called softly: "Excuse, please, sir."

"Yes?"

"Your friend, he has also taken a book, your friend who is gone away. He did not give me the money for the book."

"I'm most awfully sorry. How extraordinary!" Luke took off his spectacles, polished them and put them on again. "Er—how much was it?"

"A hundred and twenty francs."

Luke gave him the money at once. He said slowly and carefully, defending Shorty against his better judgment: "You realise that this was clearly on over-

sight on my friend's part. He had no intention of not paying for the book. He is not a thief. He was merely absent-minded. You understand that?"

"Oh yes, I understand." He slid off his stool, and came over and stood beside Luke.

"Pay attention, sir. Your friend and you arrive together. You, Monsieur, take up the Andre Gide. I say to myself 'Ah-ha! Le English 'igh-brow.' I observe carefully how you touch the book with your hands, and again I say to myself, 'This one is a true lover of books.' I am content, even if you buy nothing. But your friend, he is not a 'igh-brow. On the contrary. He picks up a book, a betise, a nonsense. Your friend has no respect for the book, but only for the cover of the book."

There was something curiously deliberate about this leisurely recital, and Luke had the sense that the bookseller somewhat fancied himself as a raconteur. He said with a shade of impatience: "You have been paid for the book, and I have apologised for my friend's forgetfulness."

"It is worth your while to listen to me, Monsieur; please have patience. Your friend comes to you and demands that you explain, translate for him, the name of this foolish book. Yes?"

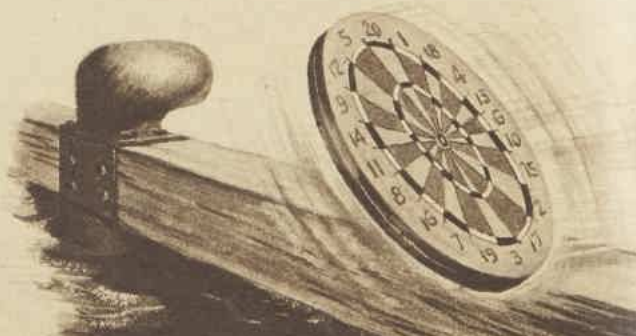
"Yes. But I fail to see—"

"You, sir, translate the name. You talk for a moment with your friend. You smile. You are 'appy to return to Andre Gide. But your friend is not 'appy. Oh no." The bookseller stooped to approximately Shorty's height, and into his face came that same hunted look that Shorty had worn. His mimicry was superb.

"Your friend look for a long time at the cover of this book—like this. But he does not see the cover. He sees something else. He is far from happy. You have seen a rabbit with one foot in a trap, when the man, the hunting-man, approaches with his big dog? The rabbit pulls this way, that way. But he must wait for the hand of the man or the teeth of the dog."

"Well?"

"That is how your friend look, like this rabbit. But he is not like the rabbit because he can escape." The bookseller straightened his back. "So that is what



Fate plays strange tricks as a memorable day draws to its close . . .

your friend does. "E escapes, Monsieur. I would counsel you to look, to search, for your friend."

"Where did he go?" said Luke sharply.

"That I do not know for certain. I saw him consult in urgency with a policeman, and it is possible that I make a mistake." He shrugged. "But I do not think that I make a mistake."

"What do you think?"

The bookseller picked up a second copy of "Pour l'Amour d'un Légionnaire," and held it out.

"I think that your friend is guided by the cover of this foolish book. I think that he seeks to escape"—his voice sank—"to Sidi-bel-Abbes."

"But where is Sidi-bel-Abbes?"

"It is a town in Algeria. It is the depot of the Legion Etrangère."

Luke stared at him.

The bookseller said reflectively: "The hand of the man is more kind than are the teeth of the dog. If you wish to save your friend, it is possible that you are not too late. I would counsel you to go at once to the Gendarmerie Nationale. There I am sure you will find him."

The Tricolor hanging limp in the afternoon sun, a cobbled courtyard with a railed balcony on the first floor, a balcony with boxes of

flowers, splashes of scarlet and purple and orange against the rusted rails; two somnolent policemen studying the results of yesterday's bicycle races, their boots on the counter of the inquiry office, a seemingly interminable wait, and then a summons to enter an inner room.

An enormous man in a blue uniform sprawled at a wooden table. His face was pallid and his eyes as expressionless as oysters. His tunic was unbuttoned and Luke Grenfell saw two, no three, rows of medal ribbons.

The charred remnant of a Gauloise cigarette was stuck to his pendulous lower lip. He indicated a bentwood chair with an almost imperceptible jerk as a pudgy finger. The cigarette wobbled as he spoke. "English?"

"Yes," Luke sat down nervously. "Good afternoon, sir. I'm sorry to bother you but—"

"Your passport, please."

"My passport? Yes, of course." The pudgy hand was extended. Luke gave him the passport. The expressionless eyes appeared not to see it, the pudgy hand returned it. The cigarette danced on the pendulous lip. "You wish what?"

Luke leaned forward.

"Well, sir, in a way it's not my business at all, but I gather that a man I know may have been here to

see you this afternoon. He's a short chap, and he came over for the day on the boat from London this morning . . . with The Hand and Flower Darts Club. Everybody calls him Shorty, and I'm afraid I don't know his other name. I think he's pretty fed-up with life in general, and he may have come here with some crazy idea of joining the Foreign Legion. I wonder, sir, if you'd let me sort of talk to him if he's still here—and if it's not too late . . ."

That same expressionless stare, the pudgy, motionless hands, the dead cigarette; a dusty railway timetable pinned on the wall, a calendar for January, 1944, printed in German; the eyes like oysters that had been opened a long time ago. Poor Shorty. Poor devil . . .

"He is your friend—and you do not know his name. We all call him 'Shorty.'"

What had Shorty endured that he should seek refuge in this terrible place? The bookseller was right. Better the hand of the man than the teeth of the dog. He said slowly and with great sincerity: "In a way, sir, I feel that I'm to blame."

"Why?"

"I've never got on with him till this afternoon. We've been at daggers drawn for months. I ought to have seen what was going on a long

time ago, and done something about it. But I didn't. It's largely my fault, sir."

"Many of us are blind."

If only he'd blink or do something, even for a split second, to hood that lack-lustre stare. And somewhere, in this ghastly building, Shorty was sitting alone.

"Could I see him, sir, if it's not too late . . .?"

"It is not too late, Mr. Grenfell." So the eyes had seen the passport. Luke said with a sigh: "Well, thank the Lord for that."

The pudgy, seemingly motionless fingers must have moved, for a bell whirled in the outer room and the door opened. Without taking his eyes off Luke's face, the man's lower lip set the dead cigarette briefly dancing.

"Amenez le petit."

"Bien, mon Commandant."

Steps in the passage, a distant door opening and shutting, more steps, Shorty. Shorty, with a strained face, Shorty's suit with the built-up shoulders, Shorty's mouth agape and angry now at the sight of Luke Grenfell, the man from whom he had run away.

"You know this . . . this gentleman?"

"I know him. That's Mr. Grenfell . . . sir."

The word "sir" came with diffi-

culty to Shorty's lips. It was the by-product of fear, fear of the man, the place, the future.

"Your friend wishes to talk to you."

Shorty shuffled his feet. He said obstinately: "He's no friend of mine, and I got nothing to say to him nor nobody else. I made my mind up." His mouth tightened. "So you can sugar off, Lukey-boy, and leave me alone." He flung round to the impassive man in the blue uniform with the unbuttoned tunic. "Why did you let him come in here? I didn't ask him to come, did I, and, anyway, I joined the Foreign Legion, ain't I?"

There was silence. The oyster eyes flicked their gaze from Shorty to Luke Grenfell, flicked back to Shorty, perceived everything there was to see. As if by a miracle, the pallid face was transfigured by a smile that was warm with human understanding. The vast bulk rose, the pudgy fingers buttoned a straining tunic with its three—yes, three—rows of medal ribbons, were laid on Shorty's shoulders.

"Go with your friend, little one."

"But I've joined the Foreign Legion," said Shorty fiercely.

"True." A glimmer of laughter illuminated the oyster eyes, was

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Trevor gave an agonised shout as the dory-board, driven by the General's cane, went trundling merrily away to the edge of the wharf.



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(GJB)

AT COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Take another look

If you truly love her, then she will always be
the most beautiful girl in the world.

AMONG themselves they called him The Killer at the studio, although it was really an affectionate nickname.

He was such a pleasant little chap—pale and slight, but with a homely, good-hearted nature that touched them all.

His real name was Jonathan, and they didn't know much about him except that he had a small suburban flat and that he was married and very happy.

He was always talking about his wife to anyone who would listen, but especially to Steven and Tony.

"She's a beautiful woman," he would tell them. "She has everything."

Steven would clear his throat and say, "I don't doubt it," but his eyes would catch Tony's and they would exchange an indulgent wink.

It was amusing to think that a really beautiful woman would see anything in a man like Jonathan.

Steven and Tony knew all about beautiful women. They were both tall and good-looking young men with plenty of intelligence and charm; it was easy enough for them to make dates with the lovely models who streamed into their photographic studio every day of the week.

But one night Steven went to a party. He got bored after a while and wandered over to a corner of the crowded room, and stood against the wall with a drink in his hand.

He gazed broodingly at the chattering young people and then felt a movement at his side.

"Cheer up," a feminine voice said. "You look as if you're about to go under for the third time."

He turned abruptly. A girl stood beside him, smiling. She was small and dark, and had a rather breathless air. For some reason, Steven felt a strange tingle of excitement go through him.

He stared at her with a very straight face. "That's my iron-curtain expression," he said. "I use it sometimes to scare away my creditors when they become too pressing."

She tilted her head, looking at him thoughtfully. "It's effective," she said. "It has a definite dash of Scotland Yard."

"Scared?" he said. "Trembling?"

They both laughed. They began to talk. Her name was Jean Andrews, and when she laughed her head went back and her eyes crinkled in a way that Steven thought quite charming.

Every time he looked at her it was as if something had quickened in the air for him, as if a pulse beat faster. He thought she was the loveliest thing he had even seen.

After that night, they began to go out together. It was an enchanted summer for Steven.

They dined and danced, went to theatres and walked, hand in hand, through the deserted city streets at night filled with a wine-like happiness because they were young and in love and had found each other.

Steven said a hundred times, "I love you for always."

In the studio, Steven was in such a dream that Tony and Jonathan began pulling his leg about it.

Tony would clap him on the back, grinning, and say, "How long are you going to keep her hidden from us, old boy? When is the unveiling?"

And Jonathan would look up and smile. "I felt like that when I met my wife," he would say. "I got it

badly, too." And he would begin telling them again how lovely she was. Sometimes Steven wanted to laugh, only somehow you couldn't laugh at Jonathan.

In the autumn, the studio moved and a housewarming was planned; the married men were to bring their wives, the bachelors might bring their girls if they wanted to.

Jonathan's face glowed. "Now you'll meet Kate," he told them. And Tony said to Steven, "Wait until you see the model I'm bringing—she's a knockout."

He grinned. "And I suppose, at last, we'll meet your new obsession. She must be quite a girl."

Just thinking of Jean gave Steven an inner glow. "Oh, she is," he said. "You'll see that she's as lovely as I described."

The studio party was on a Saturday. By the time Steven arrived with Jean, he found the room crowded and noisy, filled with laughter and the clink of glasses.

Steven introduced Jean to some people and left her with a group to get her a drink. At the bar, he bumped into Tony; a tall brunette with dark, liquid eyes was standing beside him, and as Steven was being introduced he thought: By heaven, she really is a beauty.

When the girl left them a moment later, Steven looked at Tony and gave a low, appreciative whistle.

"What a girl," he said. "She's every man's dream."

"Well—yes," Tony said, frowning as his eyes followed the girl out of the room. "Only—he smiled faintly—"I don't think I'm ever quite satisfied. Her face would be perfect if it weren't for her chin. It's too strong."

Suddenly someone behind the bar whispered loudly, "Here's Jonathan with his wife!" Heads began to turn, necks to crane; everybody wanted to see Jonathan's wife.

Steven saw Jonathan's thin, homely face filled with a kind of radiance. He was taking his wife from group to group, introducing her. She was small and sweet-faced, but slightly on the plain side. No one would have looked at her twice.

Something caught at Steven's heart, twisting it a little. Love is certainly blind, he thought.

He turned and looked at Tony. Tony was shaking his head, too, and murmuring, "For heaven's sake, he should buy some glasses."

And then Steven felt a stir at his side and saw Jean was standing beside him, smiling up into his eyes. "Forget me?" she said.

Steven grinned, suddenly warm and happy. "Never," he said. "Jean,

Hand in hand they walked through the deserted streets. "I love you for always," Steven would say to her.

And then he remembered: It was the way that Tony had looked at Jonathan only a few minutes ago. There had been that same soft indulgence in his eyes, that same love-is-blind look on his face.

Steven turned his head abruptly. He looked down at Jean. He had told Tony that she was beautiful. Had he lied?

Her face was upturned; she was talking to Tony. For the first time

Tony at his side, who could look at a truly beautiful girl and see that her chin was a little too big.

For when you loved, you didn't see those things. You didn't see the girl with your eyes at all; you saw her only with your heart. And if your heart told you she was beautiful, then it was so.

On the Monday morning Steven met Tony and Jonathan in the lift on the way up to the studio. Jonathan cleared his throat.

"Well, what did I tell you about my wife?" he said. "Isn't she beautiful?" He shook his head proudly. "Haven't I been lucky?"

As always, Tony coughed, catching Steven's eye. "Yes, very," he said. He gave Steven the secret, indulgent wink.

Steven began to wink back, and then he hesitated. He stared at Tony and then down at Jonathan. Suddenly he grinned. It was funny. Now he and Jonathan were together, with Tony on the outside.

"I couldn't agree more," he said. "We're both lucky." And he winked. Only, this time, the wink and the secret were for Jonathan.

(Copyright)



By FLORENCE J. SOMAN

this is Tony Ames. You've heard me speak of him."

"Of course," Jean said. "Hallo, Tony."

Steven saw that Tony was staring down at Jean. He looked at her for a long moment and then said hastily, "Well, hallo! So we meet at last." He looked up at Steven with a strange expression.

It was only for a moment. Immediately afterwards Jean and Tony began to talk. But Steven stood motionless, trying to think what the look on Tony's face reminded him of.

Steven studied her features and saw her objectively.

He saw that her nose was slightly crooked, that her mouth was a little too generous, that there was a sprinkling of freckles across her cheekbones. It was true; he had lied. She wasn't beautiful at all.

But at that moment her hand slipped into his; she turned her head, smiling as she looked up at him. Steven felt a pressure in his chest. Oh, yes, she was beautiful—to him. Very dear and very beautiful.

"Hallo," he said softly. And in that moment he felt very sorry for

THE BEST MAN WON

By Lillian Braun

UNTIL the Old Boy summoned me into the conference room that particular June day, I must say I had rather fancied myself as a bachelor.

I cut a dashing figure, I have been told. Tall, Tweedy, R.A.F. type of moustache—reddish, but distinguished. Expense account. Good tailor.

And quite a bit in demand for dinner parties, cocktails, sailing week-ends and that sort of thing. Then quite abruptly I discovered myself in search of a wife.

The summons I mentioned came via Miss Bing—ridiculous name, what? Miss Bing is the bit of brunette fluff who recently came to preside in the flamingo-and-chartreuse ante-room outside the Old Boy's zebra-striped office.

The decor of the whole place is horribly overdone, but Primitive Perfumes, Inc., always exhibits more exuberance than taste. Nothing at all like my last firm in London: all walnut and brass.

Miss Bing walked into my office swinging her—that is, swaggering in the audacious manner she affects and accompanied by a gust of Primitive's best-selling perfume: Zambesi.

On Tuesdays all female employees are required to wear Zambesi. On Wednesdays the selection is Congo, a beastly odor reminiscent of old harness. On Thursdays, L'Afrique—and so on. This was Tuesday.

"The boss wants to see you in the Jungle Room, Mr. Tripingham," Miss Bing announced with a flip glance that could hardly be called businesslike.

"Please to pronounce it Tripingham," I reminded her. She places a loathsome emphasis on the third syllable. "There is no 'ham' in Tripingham."

"That's what you think," and she did some utterly shameless things with her eyes, which I chose to ignore.

The Jungle Room, as the conference room is designated, is decorated with a dense growth of tropical flora, among which lurk items of furniture upholstered in imitation leopard, ante-lope, and crocodile.

Occasionally fauna—stuffed—accentuate the realism. Into this decorative monstrosity I followed Miss Bing, who was ostensibly to take notes on the proceedings.

I passed my eye over a gnu and a hyena before finally locating the Old Boy at the far end of the room, surrounded by a variety of greenery.

The Old Boy is mad—stark mad, I am con-

vinced. To the casual observer he may represent the typical successful executive: he has been contented comfortably on the profits of Primitive Perfumes; he has lost hair; his hands shake after lunch.

But we who work closely with him are aware of those daily appointments with a psychiatrist—and the haunted gleam in his eye—and the interminable pacing and perspiring and listening for sounds that are not there.

"Hello," I greeted him. "What's up?"

His gaze was distant and his ear was cocked. "D'you hear something. Trip, like drums?"

Miss Bing and I performed the ritual of straining an ear (we always humor him about the tom-toms) and I confessed I heard nothing but the chattering of several parrots.

"Trip," said the Old Boy, "I'll make this brief." He is always brief—in the manner of a man pursued. "Our mid-west manager is resigning, and the territory is going to need a top-notch executive. The man for the job is either you—or Jim Boomer."

I received the startling news with my usual composure, and inclined my head graciously but not too possessively at the compliment.

The Old Boy glanced hastily over his shoulder. "It means full authority. Five thousand more a year. And maybe—some day—a crack at my job. Both you and Boomer are under close observation from now on."

The Old Boy mopped his brow and progressed to a chair nearer the door. He had more to say—about deplorable business conditions. About people who buy pork chops instead of Primitive Perfumes. About our newly christened fragrance, Safari, soon to be introduced to the public.

With Miss Bing redolent of Zambesi on my left, and the same perfume coming in a trifle strong through the air-conditioning grille on my right (this being Tuesday), I was feeling a touch of respiratory discomfort when the Old Boy suddenly said, "Ever think of getting married, Trip?"

I hesitated. "As a matter of fact I can't say that I have."

"Fine thing, matrimony." He was on his feet now and edging towards the exit, with wild eyes searching the vegetation in the far corner.

"This job carries obligations. Conspicuous position in the community. Board of directors always prefers a married man. Too bad you and Boomer are both bachelors," and he escaped out the door.

Rolling her active eyeballs at me, Miss Bing slapped her shorthair pad shut and pronounced, "May the best man get the job!"

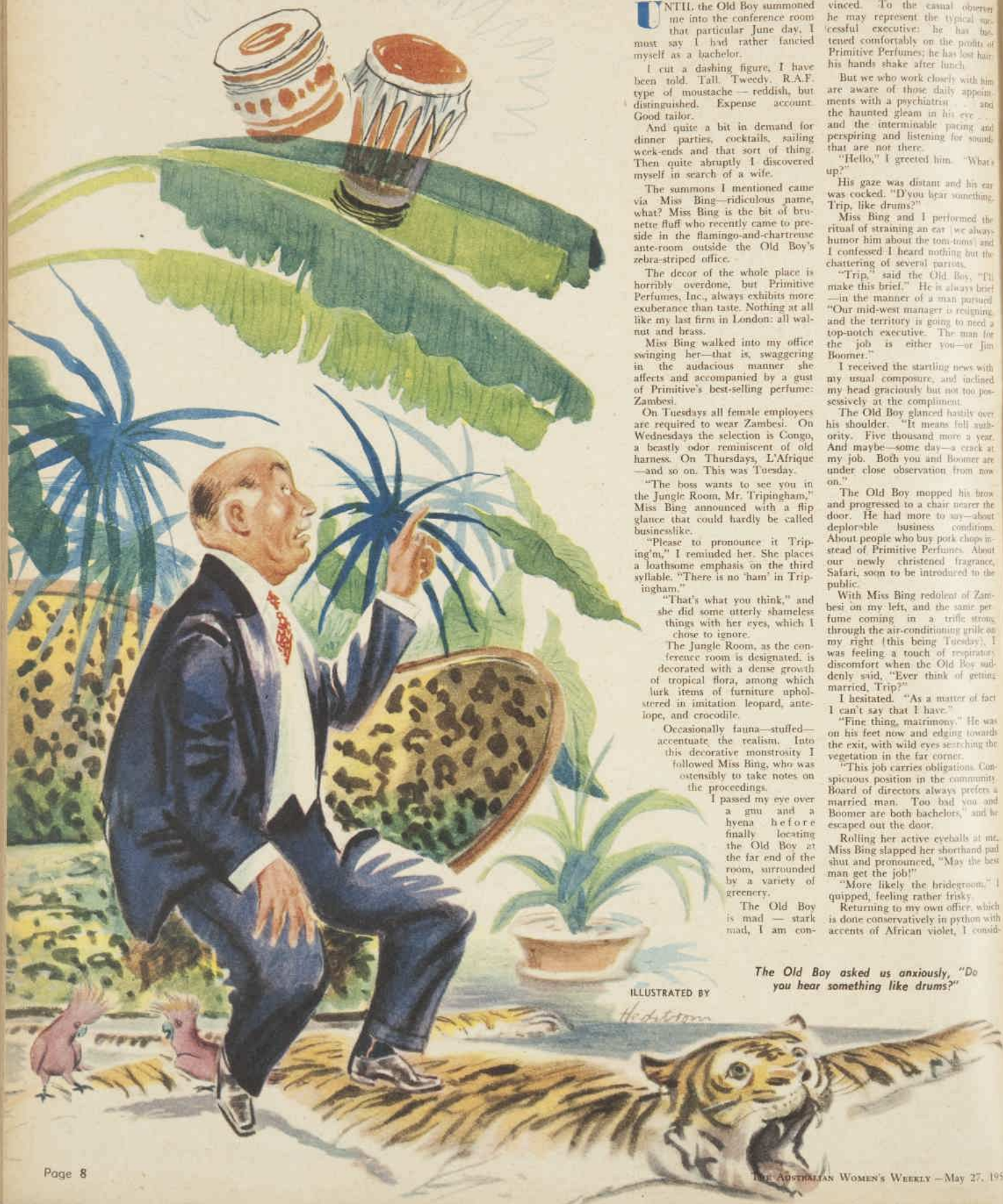
"More likely the bridegroom," I quipped, feeling rather frisky.

Returning to my own office, which is done conservatively in python with accents of African violet, I consid-

The Old Boy asked us anxiously, "Do you hear something like drums?"

ILLUSTRATED BY

Hedstrom



His wizard idea gave him promotion . . . and the wife he wanted, too!

and the prospect of promotion with a good deal of elation. The money and prestige could not be overlooked. I smiled inwardly, remembering my witty riposte, "More likely the wife!" Clever how I pop out with these things now and then. As a matter of fact, there might be more truth than levity in my bon mot; it might be advisable to marry just to be on the safe side.

At my age it was high time for a chap to start a family, in any event. A man must progress. Good investment, too, in a business sense, increasing integrity, stability, all that sort of thing.

Finding a wife would take a bit of doing, I imagined. As an extra I had been so confoundedly busy accepting invitations that I had no particular inamorata to mention. But with this fellow Boomer competing for the post, I could afford to take no chances.

Personally, I failed to visualise Jim Boomer in the role of regional manager for Primitive Perfumes, Inc. Plumbing fixtures, possibly, but not perfumes.

He is personable and all that, but not much the back-slapper to have any real finesse. Still, these extroverts frequently advance without regard to actual merit; it would be surprising to discover exactly how the board appraised him.

At this moment Miss Bing made an automatic sally into my office with weekly reports and was about to sally out again.

As secretary to the Old Boy, it occurred to me Miss Bing might have some clue as to Boomer's standing. Ticklish subject. Must proceed with circumspection.

"Ah, Miss Bing," I called to her. "Have you a moment? Something to discuss with you."

"I'm pretty busy until five-thirty," she said, tilting her chin and regarding me obliquely.

"To-morrow, then," I concluded. "To-morrow," she informed me. "I'll be tied up with the boss all day. I'm free to-night, though, after five-thirty."

That left me out. Could hardly ask the Old Boy's secretary to work overtime, and I told her so.

"I only planned to have dinner by myself," she pouted, "and then go home to my lonely little flat."

"I sympathise with you," I told her. "I shall probably be doing the same thing. Beastly way to spend an evening."

"Yes," she murmured, "beastly." The young lady turned her large eyes on me in a sad, reproachful manner that was quite touching.

"Chin up, Miss Bing. Possibly some Prince Charming will pop up and ask you to dinner. So sorry you'll be occupied all day to-morrow."

Miss Bing, whose histrionics I fail to fathom, stamped her foot and marched from the room.

Pretty little thing, I thought, but moody. And then I had a brilliant idea. I rang up her desk.

"I say, Miss Bing," I began, with a small cough of decorum. "This may sound like a caprice, but why not dine together this evening and discuss business over curried shrimp?"

She expressed such surprise and pleasure at my invitation that I felt goodish about it myself. I had to forgo my curry, however; the young lady had set her heart on dining at a beach restaurant because of the moon.

As it evolved, the orchestra played brightful jazz of an early vintage, but Miss Bing was ecstatic. She was, it must be admitted, exceedingly agreeable to the eye. During the day she had worn a white blouse gathered up around her throat with a black ribbon.

At the beach, however, the neck-

line stretched alarmingly until the aspect was all shoulder and very little blouse. Revealed interesting bone structure, I noted.

All in all, Alicia was sprightly company and divulged valuable tidbits of office intelligence. The board, it appeared, had open minds regarding the new position.

Boomer they considered strong on promotional ideas; they labelled me a "level-headed realist with a fine analytical mind."

This epithet rather pleased me—to the extent that I made no protest when the young lady suggested a ride on one of the preposterous contrivances they feature at beaches.

We sat in a small compartment at the end of an enormous spoke and simultaneously whirled, plunged, and jolted at a rapid rate. Alicia insisted that I grasp her lest she be catapulted out of the compartment, and this seemed to be the accepted procedure among all the merry-makers, although a safety device was provided which appeared entirely reliable.

Alicia clutched my arm as we manoeuvred our way among the jetsam on the shore. I personally felt that the moon, especially large and incandescent, provided adequate lighting, but she seemed timid non-the-less.

The promenade noises receded and all was silent save for the waves lapping the beach, and I could not help being aware of her slightness as Alicia clung to me, strangely quiet. She was wearing our L'Afrique scent, a light floral which I favor.

"I say there, young lady," I remarked. "This is Tuesday."

"Nicest Tuesday I've ever had," she sighed.

"But you're wearing L'Afrique. That amounts to treason on Tuesdays, don't you know?"

"I did it for you, Trip," she said, squeezing my arm ever so gently. "I just happened to know you don't like the others."

"It isn't that," I hastened to explain, "but our spicier perfumes are a trifle overpowering, and they aggravate my asthma. Nasty thing, asthma. Can't breathe. Sensitivity in the mucous membrane of the respiratory tract. Causes spasmodic contraction—"

"I know," Alicia interrupted, "but let's not talk about your asthma in this romantic moonlight."

"What would you like to talk about?" I inquired. During the evening we had pretty well exhausted the usual trivia.

"Let's talk about you. You're so reserved and unemotional, Trip. Have you ever been in love?"

"Oh, I daresay," I told her. "Don't know really. Never analyse things of that nature."

"The board of directors thought you were the analytical type. How do you expect to get that promotion if you go around never analysing things?"

This was the sort of badinage with which Alicia amused herself constantly. "What you need is practice, Trip. I'll try you on another question. Do you think I'm pretty?"

She tilted her head back, and I halted in order to study her facial contours. "Face is a trifle too rotund to be actually pretty by classical standards," I decided. "Eyes are good, though."

"What do they look like, Trip?"

"Oh, I don't know, really. Just eyes."

"Go ahead; analyse, Trip. Do they look like stars? Or dark pools in the moonlight?"

All utter nonsense, of course, but I humored her.

"Now that you raise the question," I remarked, "they do remind me of those large, sweet black cher-

ries. Bing cherries, what?" Ha, that was a good one. Bing cherries.

Miss Bing was not amused. At least, she ignored my quip and pursued the farce further. "You're supposed to say my lips are like cherries."

"I don't see the the connection," I told her quite candidly. "Cherries are round. Your mouth is quite—"

"Quite what, Trip?"

"Quite mouth-shaped, to be exact."

Miss Bing's taunting eyes roved

over my face in what seemed like wondering contemplation.

"You're terribly slow on your cues, Trip. Didn't anyone ever teach you that a girl's eyes are filled with moonbeams and her lips are sweet like cherries?"

Her words pricked a response in my brain! I stood in a trance for a moment, and then—

"Alicia," I exploded, "I have an extraordinary idea! Sweet lips, you said. Why not sweet lipstick? Perfumed lipstick, don't you know. Per-

fumed with Zambesi, L'Afrique, and Safari!"

Her wide eyes narrowed abruptly and her parted lips closed.

"Women are not spending money on our perfumes," I went on rapidly. "Lipstick, on the other hand, seems to be a necessity. Fancy a lipstick that is also a perfume! Women will go wild about it! Oh, I say, I'm really quite taken with the theory. What do you say, Alicia?"

"I say let's go home," she said

To page 10



Miss Bing and I went through the ritual of listening and I confessed I could hear nothing but the chattering of parrots.



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Continuing . . . The Best Man Won

from page 9

with sudden weariness. "It was
a lovely evening before it turned
chilly."

"Take my coat," I offered,
but she refused.

Can't say that I slept well
that night, as I pondered the
merchandising possibilities of
perfume in lipstick form.

Early the next morning I
was striding to and fro outside
the Old Boy's office well before
he arrived. To my consterna-
tion, so was Boomer. He seemed
in fine fettle, telling his repul-
sive jokes, thumping his shoul-
der blades, and chucking Miss
Bing under the chin.

I resented this familiarity
with Miss Bing—Alicia, that is
—but she appeared to enjoy it
and rolled her eyes at Boomer
like a positive heathen. For me
she reserved a small wan smile
which I interpreted as submis-
sive and womanly.

I remembered our agreeable
evening together—and the way
her collarbones had looked in
that low-necked blouse—and I
determined to see more of
Alicia. I wondered if she could
cook a curry.

The Old Boy arrived at a
trot, damp and panting. There
was no one in pursuit, but he
rendered the impression there
might be. Boomer and I fol-
lowed him into his zebra-striped
office and were waved into
chairs; the Old Boy preferred
to hover about the open win-
dow as if for an emergency
exit.

I was invited to have my
innings first. I shall not re-
count here the stirring presen-
tation of my perfumed lipstick
idea, systematically developed
in each of its ramifications:
manufacture, packaging, distri-
bution, promotion.

An admirable plan, if I do
say so myself. Boomer listened
with a smirk, which I dismissed
as evidence of jealousy. The
Old Boy, somewhat less ab-
stracted than usual, gave an
occasional nervous nod.

"Mighty far-reaching," was
his verdict when I had con-
cluded. "Long range. Radical,
too. Write it up in triplicate;
will present it to the board."

This amounted to flattering
enthusiasm from a man as pre-
occupied as the Old Boy. I
relaxed in my chair, mentally
sharing my triumph with Alicia,
as Boomer took the floor.

"Well, Chief," he began,
ambling over and securing the
Old Boy by the lapel. "This
will stagger you. I gotta gim-
mick to publicise this new
Safari perfume. Now get this,
Chief; it's fabulous! We or-
ganise a genuine safari out to
your country club, see. Invite
the Press and store buyers from
all over the country, see. Have
elephants—camels—savages—
tom-toms—orchids all over the
place! There's thousands of
dollars' worth of publicity in
it."

I could see through Boomer's
scheme immediately. Naturally
this plan would be to the lik-
ing of the demented old codger
and was deliberately designed
to curry favor, regardless of
whether the idea had practical
merit.

"Big barbecue," Boomer
chortled. "Drinks in coconut

shells. And get this: all our
executives in breeches and pith
helmets. How d'you like it,
Chief?"

The Old Boy's eyes had a
strange glint. "Whole plan's
terrific," he wheezed, mopping
his brow. "Drop everything
else and get to work on it.
Boomer. Spare no expense. Take
anybody in the organisation for
an assistant."

He started backing around
the wall towards the door, his
face glistening. "Savages, did
you say? Tom-toms?" Then
he turned and fled.

A lurking qualm that Boomer
might maliciously choose me for
an assistant in his vile project
was dispelled later that morn-
ing when I sought out Alicia.

She had just gone to lunch.
I discovered, with Jim Boomer.
Again in the afternoon I in-
quired; she was downstairs hav-
ing a spot of coffee—with Jim
Boomer.

I must say I did not appre-
ciate the fellow's forcing him-
self on Alicia. Of course, he
was an executive, and a young
girl new to our organisation
might be flattered by his at-
tention, but he was a terribly
gross character, I felt, and
Alicia was actually a fine young
person.

I decided to approach her on
the matter, with delicacy, you
understand. Catching her just
before half-past-five I made an-
other go at the curried shrimp.

"I say, Alicia," I began,
"would you care to join me in
a curry this evening?"

"Sorry, Trip," she declined,
with too little remorse, I
thought, "I'm having dinner
with Jim."

"Then to-morrow evening?"
She shook her head. "I'll
be seeing Jim to-morrow night.
I'm helping him with this safari,
and it's a day-and-night job.
Only two weeks to do the whole
thing."

That was fine, that was.
Boomer was using the excuse of
vital office business as a cloak
for his—his depredations.

Alicia needed protection, it
was clear, but that was
devilishly difficult when I could
not even lay eyes on her. Day
after day went by and she was
closeted in Boomer's office—a
sybaritic den with fur rugs and
a chaise longue.

The entire organisation
churned in turmoil and nego-
tiations with florists, caterers,
costumers, booking agents, and
zoological authorities. And still
no one had experienced so much
as a whiff of the new perfume
we were promoting—outside of
the Old Boy and the laboratory
in New Jersey.

The odor known as Safari
was a shrouded secret, to be un-
corked as the climax of the
forthcoming safari. Boomer's
idea, of course. Cheap theatrics,
I thought.

But the most irksome phase of
the entire junket was the pros-
pect of dressing up like a fool
in a pith helmet.

It was the day prior to the
safari that I managed a word
with Alicia. She flounced into
my office and cast an impudent
glance in my direction.

"Alicia!" I cried, springing
to my feet.

"Here's your assignment for
to-morrow," she said breezily,
skimming me a memorandum.
"All the executives are re-
sponsible for some detail; you
look after the out-of-town
buyers. The boss wants you at
the club and in costume by
four o'clock. Okay?"

"Under protest," I remarked.
"I consider the whole project
a travesty, but my greatest re-
gret is that you have been
coerced into playing such an
active role. In fact I should
like to discuss that with you."

"Can't," Alicia said, rolling
towards the door. "Jim Boomer
wants to see me right away."

"That is exactly what I
wanted to discuss—Boomer
... and the wretched way he
has imposed himself upon you,
day and—and—evening."

"Why, we've had lots of fun
together," she said, "especially
evenings. And now that you
mention it, Mr. Tripingham,
what business is it of yours, any-
way?"

"I intend to make it my busi-
ness whenever I see a young
lady of your refinement becom-
ing enmeshed with a boulder of
Boomer's type."

"Maybe I like his type,"
Alicia said. "He's informal,
friendly, and understanding.
He reacts to moonlight in a
normal way, and he says things
a girl likes to hear. And for
your information: he's asked
me to marry him!"

All my wrath and aversion
flooded. "I suppose he has
promised you that promotion on
a platter," I snapped.

"No! He's promised me fan-
cy love ... romance!" she
flaunted back at me. "You
wouldn't know anything about
those commodities. You're the
type who'd marry for income
tax purposes. Well, Mr. Tripin-
g-HAM," she concluded, "the
grapevine whispers that you're
the one who's getting that job,
and I hope you do! Then may-
be we can get the temperature
up to normal around here."

She marched to the door in
high dudgeon, then paused and
turned to flash a wicked little
smile. "And it's really too bad
about you, Trin," she sighed,
"because you're such a hand-
some guy."

I stood there nonplussed.
What was too bad about me?
Was I really going to get it?
As for the temperature in our
building, I had always found it
most agreeable; thermostat
controls in each office and all
that.

I had hoped for a pelting rain
the next day—the variety that
sets in before moon and con-
tinues until everything is a
welter of mud, but the morning
of the safari dawned disagree-
ably bright and fair.

In late afternoon I started for
the country club, scene of the
ordeal. Nearing the club I
began to detect the muffled beat
of tom-toms. Raises the hackles,
don't you know.

If that is what the Old Boy
heard when he cocked his head
and assumed that faraway ex-
pression, he had my sympathy.

And then—by Jove!—a Zulu

To page 55

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





Trumpeter practices for Coronation.



Troopers of the Household Cavalry.



Trappings of the Household Cavalry.



A peer in regalia for the Coronation.

The CORONATION of Elizabeth II

The solemnity and pageantry of the Coronation are richly portrayed in this supplement, which marks the great occasion.

THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY



CORONATION
SUPPLEMENT

Dedication

What is the Coronation? Cloth of gold
And velvet robes . . . sharp strident bands which bray
Their tunes . . . streets tacky from the heat . . . the cold
Calm Abbey stones . . . and cooing doves . . . the gay
Curve of free flags . . . the static surge and sway
Of crowds . . . the smell of man and petrol fumes?
Or is it in Westminster when they pray
"God Save the Queen" and Edward's crown assumes
Its mystic role once more? It's all and each,

From noisy street and reverential nave
All coronation ceremonies preach
Anew the vow of service which she gave
One day. Before Elizabeth was queen or wife
She said all when she said "I dedicate my life . . ."

ROBERT SAMPSON



Trumpeter of the Household Cavalry.



Sentry outside Buckingham Palace.



At work on robes and regalia.



Baroness' newly styled robe and cap.

Queen Mother, Princess share joyous welcome

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

The Coronation will happily bring back to the social life of the Court two well-loved members of the Royal Family, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

Since the death of King George VI, the Queen Mother has been taking life rather quietly, fulfilling only a few official engagements and concentrating on restoring her newly acquired castle of Mey and organising her move to Clarence House.

HER social life has been confined to visits to old school friends and brief holidays at Birkhall.

Princess Margaret, whose gay doings used to enliven the breakfast table, bringing a touch of romance, gaiety, and often spice, dropped out of the headlines after her father's death.

The Princess, once so full of impudence, became a reflective and rather solitary figure.

The wide circle of friends she loved to have around her narrowed down to only one or two intimates.

In their sorrow the Queen Mother and the Princess turned to each other for comfort.

In the first months after the King's death, his widow's health caused deep concern to her family.

Her full life as consort to a hard-worked monarch and the strain of his long illness had taken its toll of her own health.

The Queen Mother was ordered plenty of rest. But rest was not easy to a grieving woman.

It was then that Princess Margaret's lively company did so much to cheer her.

Thoughtful daughter

THE Princess, on her part, gave unstintingly of her time.

It was about this sad period in their lives that the project to buy Burghill Castle came up and was encouraged by members of the Royal Family.

In restoring and redecorating her new home, the Queen Mother found some escape from her sorrow and the loneliness of the first months of widowhood.

And to Princess Margaret came a new sense of responsibility as her mother drew comfort from her companionship.

Now, as the Coronation draws near, she emerges as a young woman who still holds the lead for Court beauty but who no longer makes news for her midnight capers.

Princess Margaret's dance dates—even this Coronation season—are few and far between. Her place is beside the Queen.

The Queen's official Coronation programme is a heavy one, but she will be helped by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, on whom the duty of entertaining many of the official guests has devolved.

Neither will accompany the Queen on her State drives, but Princess Margaret will attend the Naval Review and Ascot.

Then, the Coronation over and the Queen making her round of visits outside her capital, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret leave for

Rhodesia and the Rhodes Centenary.

This first big public function the Queen Mother has undertaken since the death of the King would have been carried out alone but for Princess Margaret's thoughtfulness for her mother.

The Princess let it be known she would like to accompany her mother, and the Rhodesian Government was only too happy to extend the invitation to the Princess.

Ordering new clothes for the visit in addition to new clothes for her daughter's Coronation were further incentives to the Queen Mother to shake off her sadness.

Gently but firmly, since the King's death, she had been declining any purely social functions, such as the Royal Command Variety Performance, which in the past she had enjoyed so much.

But she did encourage Princess Margaret to go out and about again, and, though the Princess didn't make news with her social doings, she was again seen informally in London's West End.

What did hit the headlines was the Princess's attendance at post-confirmation lectures at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, in Lent this year and during Lent last year.

There was as much com-

ment in American papers on this side of Princess Margaret's character as there had once been conjecture on her choice of a husband.

But her friends were not at all surprised; in fact some of them helped make up the classes held in the evening before dinner.

Princess Margaret's gaiety has always been balanced by a streak of seriousness, and religion had been a frequent topic of conversation.

Countering any suggestion that Princess Margaret had grown away from worldly pursuits came pictures of her smoking through the long jade cigarette-holder she uses and showing a new film-star look she acquired during the winter season.

New make-up

ON holiday in the summer the Princess tried out new hair styles. Discarding her former make-up shades, she uses all the latest to harmonise with her new autumn wardrobe.

Princess Margaret returned to London wearing deeper, richer colors than ever before—wine-red, fir-green, mid-night-blue—and a hat trimmed with a bird-of-paradise plume.

Princess Margaret now favors a warm, peach-colored complexion with rose-red lip-

stick and nail lacquer to match.

She uses a liquid foundation under her powder.

The Princess has had her brown hair cut much shorter into the fashionable "mid cut," swept straight back from her forehead.

She has changed her perfume, too, and, instead of a light flower toilet water, she uses a warmer, dramatic scent from Paris.

Drop earrings instead of studs and heavier jewel neck-

laces match the brighter colors she is wearing.

This Coronation season her organza party frocks are in beautiful subtle shades over deeper hues, giving a shimmering "shot" effect.

Her flowered hats are in bright colors, such as Dior-red, to match the undertones of an organza afternoon dress.

During the period of Court mourning for Queen Mary, the Princess gave sittings to Simon Elwes, the painter, at Windsor Castle.

The Princess's semi-retirement from the gay life of London's night-clubs doesn't mean she has lost her innate gaiety.

Princess Margaret still loves nothing better than to curl up in her sitting-room with the latest long-playing records. And at Sandringham she organised an impromptu dance on New Year's Eve.

It was during the spring that the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret started work on Clarence House, redecorating it to their taste.

The Queen's white and cream walls were changed to greens and blues, and the bright modern chintzes were replaced with dignified brocades.

In the spring, too, the Queen Mother began taking a quiet interest in plans for making use of the money subscribed to the King George VI Memorial Fund.

Officials had thought that £250,000 might be forthcoming. But every mail brought donations large and small.

Now the fund stands at well over £1,000,000.

Much of this will go to help the aged, to benefit the youth of the country, and to erecting a statue of the late King.

The Queen Mother, recalling how her husband, as Duke of York, loved his summer camps for boys, has hopes that

this scheme will begin again with assistance from the fund.

For old folk it is likely that Darby and Joan cottages, with all modern gadgets to make housework easy, will be built.

The late King once said, "The older we grow the more we need washing-machines and other labor-savers," and he carried out these ideas at many cottages at Sandringham and Windsor.

Kindness remembered

AS the day of the Coronation draws near, the Queen Mother, remembering the kindness of many of her friends, saw that they were invited to the Abbey for the crowning.

To Nancy, now the dowager Lady Astor, she wrote, "You have always been so good to my children," and invited her to sit in the Abbey.

On learning that none of the mothers of the four pages who will carry her train at the Coronation would be in the Abbey, the Queen Mother immediately arranged that they should be there and the Earl Marshal was directed to invite them.

Meantime, as Princess Margaret takes her share of the responsibilities that fall on the Royal Family, and not even the most vigilant gossip writers can find a thread to hang a new beau on, the Queen Mother looks a little further ahead.

Several times recently she has been over Marlborough House and, the Coronation over, will discuss with the Queen the possibilities of this traditional residence for the Queen Mother being redecorated and modernised for her.

This would leave Clarence House free for further use as a residence for Princess Margaret if she married.



THE QUEEN MOTHER receives a bouquet from the Hon. Rosemary Barnes, daughter of Lord Gorell, on her arrival at Dulwich College to reopen the college's picture gallery.



PRINCESS MARGARET smokes a cigarette in her favorite long holder while Queen Elizabeth laughs happily as they watch the Olympic Horse Trials at Badminton, Gloucestershire. This year Princess Margaret has recovered some of the gaiety that deserted her when her father, King George VI, died last year.

The Queen — no one has worked harder

Her calm will steady others on feverish Coronation day

How will the Queen stand up to her heavy programme? This is a question many Coronation visitors are asking, and one I put to several of the people in attendance on her.

"Why, she will take everything in her stride," was the most frequent reply.

WITHIN a fortnight Elizabeth will be crowned Queen in Westminster Abbey. And as all the grand and vast unfolding splendor of her Coronation reaches its climax, the Queen is putting the final touches to her own preparations.

Already word perfect in the responses, she has learned the whole ritual and rubric by heart, has rehearsed for the physical strain, has prepared herself for the spiritual and supreme meaning of the ceremony when she vows herself to the service of her people and is consecrated and anointed Queen.

No one has worked with more painstaking care.

Yet there is no feeling of tension at Buckingham Palace as the great day draws near.

Typical of the Queen's intelligent and realistic approach to her Coronation is the lightheartedness that breaks through the preparations for the solemnities. Her own youthful good humor rises above all difficulties.

Though she is striving for perfection in herself and in every detail of her Coronation, the Queen is much too

human and understanding to expect it.

"Something is sure to go wrong—it always does at coronations," she said to one of the church dignitaries when discussing the ceremony.

The Queen has set all who surround her in the Coronation ritual at their ease. She has set the tone of her Coronation—indeed of her whole reign.

She will be queenly but she will also be simple in the charmingly sweet and unaffected way that is so endearing and refreshing.

I asked a close friend if she would feel nervous and was told, "No. The Queen will be too busy thinking of all the people round her to have time to think of herself."

That remark sums up the secret of the Queen's immense popularity with all who are in close contact with the sovereign.

"She is so calming for the people around her," one of the sound-recording technicians said when she made her first speech in South Africa.

It is even more true of the Queen to-day.

The Coronation, with its months of detailed preparation, has not changed the pleasant family life of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and their two children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Official life at Buckingham

Palace has gone on with unhurried efficiency, preparing for the 500 visitors who will stream through against a happy and informal domestic background.

"The Queen is a perfect mother," a close friend of the Royal Family told me. "She allows her children a lot of latitude, but she can be firm with them."

They were on holiday with her at Balmoral, where the Queen with the Duke had a week's brief holiday before the Coronation festivities started.

Here Prince Charles raced along the corridors in his toy motor car. The carpets are already well worn and the Queen decided he could do them no harm.

His favorite game is to hide and startle his parents by zooming in, making a noise like a jet-propelled aeroplane.

The week's holiday at Balmoral was spent mostly out of doors, the Queen stalking deer with a cine-camera and returning after a picnic lunch on Deeside each day to have nursery tea with the children before settling down to some of the routine work that follows her wherever she goes.

Coronation procedure and arrangements for her foreign guests had still to be dealt

with. Her only real respite was from the frequent visits of officials in charge of the ceremony.

The Queen has no special diet or routine. It would be impossible for her to adjust her busy official life to any such day.

But she does believe in plenty of exercise, has never been a big eater, and drinks only a very occasional glass of wine.

She likes simply prepared food with plenty of fruit and vegetables. For exercise she rides at Windsor at week-ends and walks every day round the Palace gardens with her dogs.

"Two children keep you going," she has said, and her real joy and relaxation is playing with them.

The most important factor in the Queen's busy and disciplined life is her astonishingly good health and the happiness she and the Duke have found in their married life.

One has only to see them together to know that the Queen's radiant personality has been further enhanced by this happiness.

The Duke is still very much a boy, and in their private life the Queen loves nothing better than to "mother" him.

When he was recovering from jaundice and still under doctors' orders to remain in bed, Prince Philip dressed and appeared for lunch, announcing that he was going to her garden party that afternoon.

There were official guests for luncheon but his surprise appearance didn't ruffle the Queen for a moment.

She threw up her hands in mock horror, laughed, and said, "What can I do with him! He won't stay in bed."

The Duke bubbles over with energy and enthusiasm and has all the Mountbatten volatility. It is the Queen who has to curb his impulsiveness, particularly when he wants to modernise and streamline old Royal residences.

In these projects the Duke has been taught by his wife to "hasten slowly."

But in their modern approach to the arduous tasks of monarchy it is the Duke who leads and whose bright ideas help to smooth her Royal progress.

The State coach, which will take Elizabeth II to her crowning, is being rehearsed with floodlighting inside in case the day is dull—an idea the Duke thought up and perfected in Canada when the Queen toured as Princess Elizabeth.

Stage fright occasionally attacks Royal personages as well as actresses. But no one is the least worried that the Queen will have an attack of nerves at her Coronation.

Not only are those who surround her reassured by her calm manner and her ability to

adapt herself, should there be a hitch, but all who are taking part know that the Queen's thorough preparations for any duty she undertakes will give her added poise and confidence.

Her first investiture at Buckingham Palace was her first triumph over nervousness.

She had a rehearsal with Prince Philip the afternoon before, and she dreaded making a mistake.

The Duke, watching her anxiously in the background, noticed her movements were at first slow and her words a little too deliberate.

Outwardly she was calm, but inwardly she was shaking.

Then Private Speakman stepped forward to receive his V.C.

The long citation of his heroism was read out.

As the Queen watched the hero she realised he was even more nervous than herself. In a moment she was all sympathy.

She smiled warmly as she shook his hand and from that moment the ice was broken. No more hesitation, no more nerves.

There still remain a score of minor details for the Queen's attention before her Coronation, but the firm rule of the young monarch that there must be no unnecessary worrying over trifles will go a long way to smooth the last-minute preparations.



RADIANCE of Queen Elizabeth in her Coronation year is obvious in this picture, taken during the ceremony in Windsor Home Park when she presented new standards to the Household Cavalry. The Queen's grace and sincerity have already stamped her reign.

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Great city prepares for historic day

Festive greeting for visiting crowds

Invaded by hundreds of thousands of relatives and friends here to celebrate the Coronation, London is straining at the seams like a household bulging with guests at an old-fashioned Christmas party.

As the day draws nearer, the whole spirit of the City grows more light-hearted. The attitude is "We'll fit you all in somehow."

Most of the visitors, except those who intend to fly in and out for the day, are already here.

Many spend their first few days wandering round looking at the almost-completed decorations, the exceptionally beautiful flower displays in the parks, and admiring the new aspect which this proud and happy city wears.

Visitors are paying anything between 7/6 a night for bed and breakfast and 500 guineas a week for a five-bedroom, furnished service mansion in the West End.

They are living in luxury hotels, flats, private homes, houseboats, Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. dormitories, schools, and convents within a radius of 50 miles of the procession route.

Australian visitors number about 50,000.

Many are staying at "Kangaroo Corner," the Cumberland Hotel, which overlooks the procession route.

The Cumberland will have a champagne banquet on Coronation night.

It is also putting 60 American dishes on its menus from now to the end of August. An executive of the company which runs the hotel flew to the States especially to select the dishes.

It is believed that more than 200,000 Americans are coming to England for the Coronation.

Among them are a number of film stars who want to see

the kind of show England can put on.

They include Sam Goldwyn, Alan Ladd, who, with his family, has a suite at the Dorchester overlooking the route, Olivia De Havilland, and Ava Gardner.

Film stars are outshone for glamor by some of the visitors from the colonies. These include seven sultans, who will take part in the procession.

The Emir of Kuwait, whose income is £1,000,000 a week, is on his way to London.

In Paris he took over four floors of a hotel, almost beating ex-King Farouk's Riviera hotel bill of £2300 a day.

Twenty French hairdressers will arrive this week to dress the hair of women taking part in the ceremonies.

The City's decorations are now in the final fitting stage,

but paint-brushes will still probably be frantically flicking and hammering still banging on the night of June 1.

Some decorations, including those making use of real flowers, cannot be finished until the last moment.

Parliament Square, for instance, is to be decorated with flowers and foliage flown from the Dominions.

However, an immense canopy consisting of 16-ft-square emblems of the Dominions is being erected over the stands.

Another last-minute job will be to put posies of flowers into the hands of all statues of women in London.

The statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus is now in an elegant golden cage.

Lord Nelson's statue, in Trafalgar Square, has been spring-cleaned.



DECORATION EXPERT Mr. Leon Goodman shows a member of his large staff, Felix Opene, of Nigeria, how to pack and carry some of the colorful Coronation decorations.

The man who went to the top of the 175ft. column to clean it found out a secret hitherto known only to a few pigeons — although Nelson's statue has one empty sleeve, it has two good eyes.

For several weeks past a record of a nightingale singing has been playing day and night in Berkeley Square.

Most of the decorations will stay put for three weeks. Anyone who feels so disposed will be able to trip a measure round maypoles set up in the Strand and in Shepherd's Market.

From our London office

The Coronation decorations are not confined to the West End and Whitehall. Practically every shop and every house in the whole of the British Isles is preparing some sort of display.

Although most people have tried to be conscious of the dignity of the Crown, sometimes enthusiasm has run away with them a little.

Some of London's staid black taxis have their bumpers painted in red, white, and blue stripes.

If the Queen's picture sometimes appears among jars of potted shrimp and among pickled herrings, she probably won't mind, because she knows her people's hearts are in the right place.

The man who has most to do with the Coronation decorations is Leon Goodman, whose

staff of 1000 is working 12 hours a day.

His own personal contribution was to choose one street in the East End—he chose Coronation Road, West Ham—and make it the brightest, gayest street in the whole of London.

"I'd like to have done the whole East End," Goodman said, "and I hope the Queen will come and see what we've done to Coronation Road."

After they've had a look at the City most of the visitors will turn to theatres, night-clubs, and musical events.

Almost everything has a Coronation flavor.

One big event is the production of "Gloriana," the opera commanded by the Queen, who will attend the performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on June 8.

It has been written by Benjamin Britten, with libretto by William Plomer, and is based on the story of Elizabeth I and the Earl of Essex.

Decor and costumes are by John Piper, who has been helped by Melbourne artist Kenneth Rowell.

Rowell has done the decor and costumes for "Alice in Wonderland," which is on the first programme of the festival ballet season directed by Anton Dolin.

The B.B.C. is planning a special Coronation programme, with artists from the Dominions taking part.

Trafford Whitecock is producing the Australian section and Dick Bentley, Dorothy Allison, and Wendy Gibb are among the artists who will appear.

Most of the night-clubs and hotels are planning special gala nights.

The Cafe de Paris will have Noel Coward making his third appearance there.

A patriotic note will be struck at the Dorchester, where part of the floor show will be trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards.

Some restaurants are making a feature of Elizabethan dishes, and the Gore Hotel at Queen's Gate has redecorated its dining-room in Tudor style, even including Elizabethan serving wenches.

They serve boar's head, surfeit of lampreys, and cold peacock.

When they cannot manage an original dish they do a good imitation in ice-cream.

Which Twin has the Toni—

AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM?
(See answer below)



Nola and Jane Fookes were enchanting debutantes in their sunny, lace-trimmed gowns. They're identical twins and their hair looks identical... but it's Nola on the left who has the Toni, and Jane the expensive perm.

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COMPLETE WITH THE TEAT THAT B-R-E-A-T-H-E-S



PASSERS-BY in Piccadilly Circus see the famous Windsor Greys doing some early morning training for their Coronation duties. A State landau from the Royal Mews is used instead of the magnificent Coronation coach in which the Queen will drive.



London's Pride



FIRST GENTLEMAN of Great Britain, the Duke of Edinburgh, in uniform as Marshal of the Royal Air Force. He ranks in precedence next to his wife, the Queen.



HIGH ABOVE LONDON, the statue of Nelson looks down upon Trafalgar Square and the lions at the foot of the column. The lions are the work of famous artist Landseer. Square also has fountains.



ANGEL OF PEACE in her winged chariot stands at the Hyde Park end of Constitution Hill, not far from the gardens of Buckingham Palace. The statue, one of London's landmarks, is well known to visitors.

On June 2 only Nelson on his 184-foot-high column and the pigeons of Trafalgar Square will have an unimpeded view of the Coronation procession—unlike the millions below jamming every inch of the six-and-a-half-mile Royal route.

THE best positions will go to those who have the money to pay £100 for a room on the route, £10 for a seat in the stands, or the patience to stake a pavement claim at least 24 hours beforehand.

When the eight Windsor Gneys draw the Queen in her glittering coach out of Buckingham Palace forecourt into the straight avenue of The Mall, she will be the first Queen in her own right to make this journey.

For Buckingham Palace did not become a Royal residence until the time of George III, and Queen Victoria was living at Kensington Palace when she was crowned.

Crowds in The Mall will see the Queen passing by her old home, Clarence House, where once young Prince Charles stood upon the mellow brick wall to watch his mother riding to the Trooping of the Color.

After the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey is over, the Queen in her coach, accompanied by 27 hants and 29,300 officers and men, will move in procession through the heart of London.

Leaving Parliament Square—converted into a garden with thousands of brilliant flowers—the procession will move up Whitehall past the Cenotaph, past quiet Downing Street, and past the spot where King Charles I was beheaded in 1649.

The route will take them into Pall Mall—centre of London's Clubland—and into St. James' Street, which runs from the old Tudor Palace (built by Henry VIII) into Piccadilly.

Moving into Hyde Park, the procession will skirt Park Lane, once symbolic of Edwardian wealth and elegance but now a poorer relic of its ostentatious past.

At Marble Arch the crowd will be thicker than ever. The finely wrought iron gate in the centre of the Arch will be opened to allow the new Queen to pass through. Except for Royal processions the gate remains shut.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE (above), where the procession will start and finish. The newly crowned Queen will appear on the balcony in front. SEAT of democratic government, the Houses of Parliament (right), photographed from Westminster Bridge. The clock in the tower is the famous Big Ben.



Royal Pageantry



Down Oxford Street, lucky assistants in some of the giant stores will be hanging from upper-story windows to see the procession. Here normally are the window displays, the jostling crowds, the carromen, and the spivs.

The procession will then pass into Regent Street, a reminder of the architect Nash and the Prince Regent, with its elegant curve sweeping to Piccadilly Circus.

Not far to go now, as the procession moves down Haymarket, past the travel agencies and the theatres.

Next on the route is Trafalgar Square—called after Nelson's victory in 1805—where the fountains will be playing, and onlookers crowding the stone balustrades. Through Admiralty Arch, and the last 1000 yards lies ahead. It is The Mall, again, and the cheering grows louder.

Around the Queen Victoria Memorial statue—white and over-ornamented—and the new Queen is home again in her Palace.



HAND-PAINTED DOORS on the State Coach depict Industry and Ingenuity giving a cornucopia to the genius of England. The beautifully decorated coach is always kept in perfect condition.



DRIVER'S FOOTBOARD of State Coach (above) is shaped like large scallop shell. Beside it is one of four gilt figures of Tritons that support coach by means of braces covered in leather.

FOUR POSTILIONS, eight walking grooms, and eight Windsor Grey horses (below) accompany State Coach in Coronation procession. Horses are well disciplined and do not fear crowds.



THE QUEEN will be hailed by millions of her subjects as she goes through London streets in a brilliant pageant on her Coronation day, June 2.



Oriental visitors to Britain

At least 20 Indian and Pakistani princes will be in London for the Coronation, and will add exotic color to the ceremonies with the blaze of jewels in their osprey-trimmed turbans and the glitter of their Oriental Court dress.



RULER of the largest State in Pakistan, the Nawab of Bahawalpur, has an income of £400,000 a year.

AMONG these princes will be some of the richest men in the world. And they are the type of rich men who are not in the least bit diffident about displaying the wealth which their families have held for centuries.

Some of the "rajpramukhs" (constitutional governors of their States under the Indian Government) will be in London as official guests; but other princes—unlike the last Coronation in 1937, when many of them were official guests with seats in Westminster Abbey—will have to fend for themselves. The partition of their country has changed their status.

But they will not suffer any real hardship. The Maharajah of Darbhanga, for instance, has already booked a large suite at a West End luxury hotel.

Darbhangha hasn't the haziest notion of how much money he actually owns. In the vaults of his nine palaces he stores each year about 5,000,000 silver coins; this is his surplus income, which he has been unable to spend. He has been doing this for years, and so did his forebears.

He will almost certainly wear during his visit the 29-diamond necklace for which he paid £15,000 at Sotheby's auction rooms before the war. It used to belong to Marie

Antoinette, Queen of France, and the Maharajah keeps it for special occasions.

The Maharajah of Jaipur, a Rajput prince whose family have ruled their State for 900 years, said to be one of the ten most beautiful women in the world.

Despite her ethereal appearance, the Maharanee is a keen sportswoman. She rides—her husband has 100 horses in his stables—and plays a fast game of tennis, squash, and badminton.

The Maharajah has had to take a pull or two in his diamond-studded belt since the

From LACHLAN BEATON, partition. He used to have an income of

roughly £500,000 a year, but this has been cut to a beggarly £119,000.

He has had to dismiss 600 servants and has become the hard-working governor of his province.

The Maharajah of Cooh Behar, another Coronation visitor, has also felt the chill wind of penury—for an Indian prince.

The Government merged his province with another, and he is living on a not over-reliable pension. And, moreover, he now has only 30 servants.

To counter this he has started a 4000-acre model farm and has an interest in a tourist agency. In catering for tourists, he has taken a hint from his fellow-aristocrats in Eng-



SALUTE from a London sentry for the Maharajah of Jaipur, who served for a period as an officer in the Life Guards. He has an income of £119,000 a year.



RICH POTENTATE the Maharajah of Darbhanga does not know how much money he owns.

land who are exhibiting their stately homes to the public.

But there has been no half-crown peepshow (with tea extra) for him; he has organized tiger shoots for tourists at £300 a time (not counting the fare to India), with parties limited to not more than 18 at a time.

"I have to do this because I now have only 18 elephants to carry the hunters," he explained. "And elephants are like diamonds—they're dear to buy and nobody gives a boot when you want to sell. I used to have 30 and had to sell a few, so I know."

The Nawab of Bahawalpur, ruler of the largest State in Pakistan, has booked a suite at the same hotel as the Maharajah of Darbhanga.

He is fond of model railways, and has one four miles long on his estate. But his

chief preoccupation is a search for a £10,000,000 treasure buried on the estate by Alexander the Great a couple of thousand years ago.

Until he finds it he is making do on an income of about £400,000 a year. His son-in-law has £82,000 a year.

The Nawab has 25 palaces and is extremely hospitable. Every guest, whether he stays for a month or a day, receives a gold or silver memento of the occasion.

The Nawab's family traces its descent in an unbroken line from an uncle of the prophet Mahomet.

His son married Katherine Scott, daughter of a Fulham (London) railway porter earning £6 a week. On her wedding day the bridegroom casually handed her £2000 in cash as personal pocket money to spend how she liked.

London's tradesmen and other suppliers are looking forward eagerly to the Nawab's visit. When he attended the last coronation he spent more than £30,000 on princely necessities. They included a limousine with gold fittings, several gold-plated wireless sets, some grand pianos, and a collapsible boat.

A neighbor at the same hotel will be the Maharajah Jam Sahib of Nawangan, nephew of the celebrated cricketer "Ranji," "Duleep's" brother, and an eminent cricketer himself.

Among other Indian potentates planning to attend the Coronation are the Prince of Berar, heir-apparent to the Nizam of Hyderabad, and his Princess; the Maharanees of Travancore, and the Maharajah of Indore.

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Robes for the Peerage



ROBE AND CAP OF STATE of a baroness as designed by Norman Hartnell for the Coronation ceremony. Price of the new-style robes for a viscountess or baroness is £30 to £40 sterling. The Cap of State is of crimson velvet, costs £3 to £4 sterling.

Cut-price Coronation robes designed by London dressmaker Norman Hartnell and approved by Queen Elizabeth II will be worn at her Coronation on June 2.

DESIGNED for viscountesses and baronesses, these robes are in a new style—the first change since the days of Queen Anne. There is also a Cap of State as an alternative to the traditional coronet for those who wish to avoid extra expense.

The new robes are extremely elegant, and cost £30 to £40 sterling.

"And they can be worn as evening coats afterwards," Norman Hartnell said.

In the new style, rabbit replaces mink, velveteen the rich velvet, and a light rayon the heavy satin of the traditional robe. But when rabbit appears on a Coronation robe it is called "miniver pure."

Clipped to look like ermine, with tips of black seal and with rows denoting rank, the white rabbit cape on the robes looks magnificent.

The Cap of State, costing £3 to £4 sterling, is a delightful little cap of crimson velvet topped with a sprig of gold wire, ending in four drop pearls and bordered with a strip of "miniver pure."

For a week peeresses queued at Norman Hartnell's salon to see the cut-price robes and book tentative orders for their appearance at Westminster Abbey.

Countesses and those of higher rank must wear robes costing the traditional price—£300 sterling, if trimmed with rabbit.



SURROUNDED by velvet and mock ermine, the girls at Ede and Ravenscroft's workshop in Chancery Lane are working overtime to finish robes for peers and peeresses who will attend the Coronation.



ABOVE: Countess of Darnley in her Coronation robes. The crimson and white of her costume is traditional and dates from the early days of English history. The coronet indicates her status.

BELOW: Viscountess' robe is shown with viscount's coronet, which has 16 balls called "pearls." Coronets are put on at the moment the Queen is crowned. Robes and coronets are often inherited with titles.



SANDWICH BAG to match peeresses' robes (right). Peeresses will carry sandwiches to the Abbey, where they must be in their places by 8.30 a.m. after early breakfast on Coronation Day. Their departure from the Abbey may be delayed by traffic.



For Going Gaily-

fashioned-for-flattery shoes with both country tang and city smartness. Elegantly crafted from fine leathers... marvelously comfortable. Fashionable colours—and priced so as to be kind to your pocket.



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Golf or service shoes, for rugged wear, rubber soles and heels.



709
Tailored welts; smooth calfskin, softly polished, heeled with leather.



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Why are you so irritable?



"Am I? I thought it was you! I suppose it is because we are both feeling nervy and run-down. The last few months have been very trying one way and another."

"Not only that, but it looks as though we are beginning to feel our age. We mustn't forget that it is quite a few years since we realized that we should never be forty again."

"Over forty! Why didn't I think of it before—Phyllosan! Remember how much good Phyllosan tablets did us during the war years?"

"Why, certainly I do! And if we had had the sense to start another course of the tablets two or three months ago, we shouldn't be feeling so worn out and irritable now. It makes me feel better just to think of them! I'll get a large bottle today and we'll both start taking the tablets right away."

"That's a good idea! If we remember to take them regularly, Phyllosan tablets will soon revive our energy and spirits and put our nerves in order. They've done it before and they'll do it again!"

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strengthening the nerves and increasing energy

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ROYAL PORTRAITS



QUEEN ELIZABETH I, painted by an unknown artist, was lent to the exhibition by Jesus College, Oxford, which the Queen founded. The picture was presented to the college in 1686 by Dr. Jeffrey, Canon of Canterbury. It shows the Queen in all her glory.



GEORGE IV, known as Gorgeous George because of his fondness for fine clothes, painted in his Coronation robes by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Imperial State Crown, near his right hand, is the one which will be worn by Elizabeth II on State occasions.

These pictures are from a Coronation exhibition of Royal portraits, many lent by the Queen, at the Royal Academy of Arts in London.



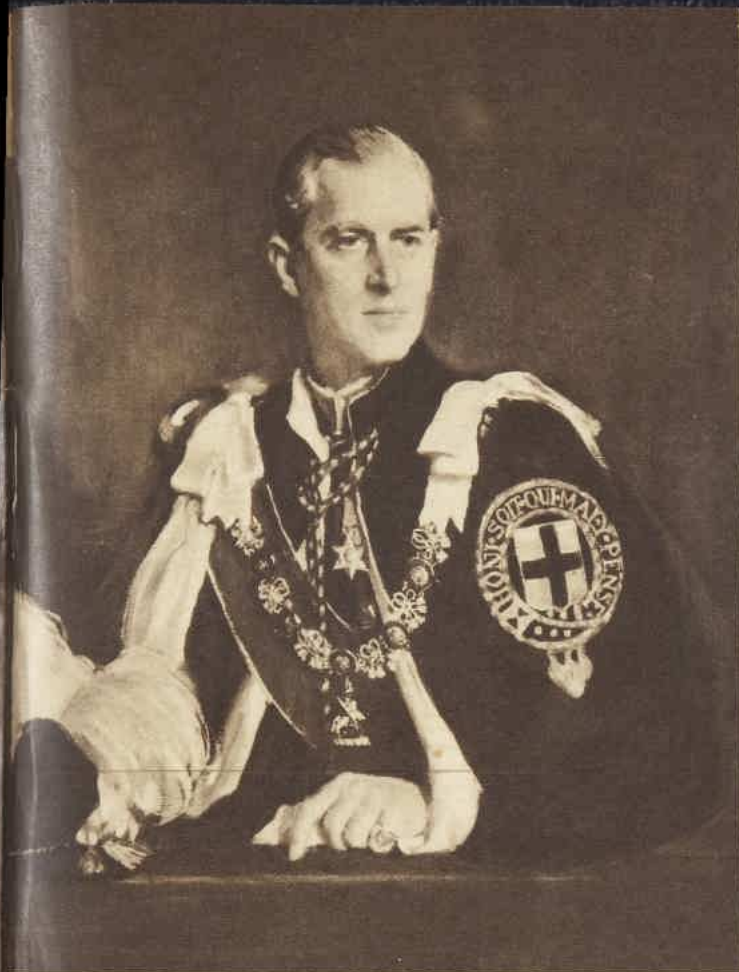
THE QUEEN MOTHER wearing the Order of the Garter. This portrait by the president of the Royal Academy, Sir Gerald Kelly, was first exhibited in 1941.



KING EDWARD VII, at five years of age, painted by Franz Xavier Winterhalter. Prince Albert presented the picture to Queen Victoria as a Christmas gift.



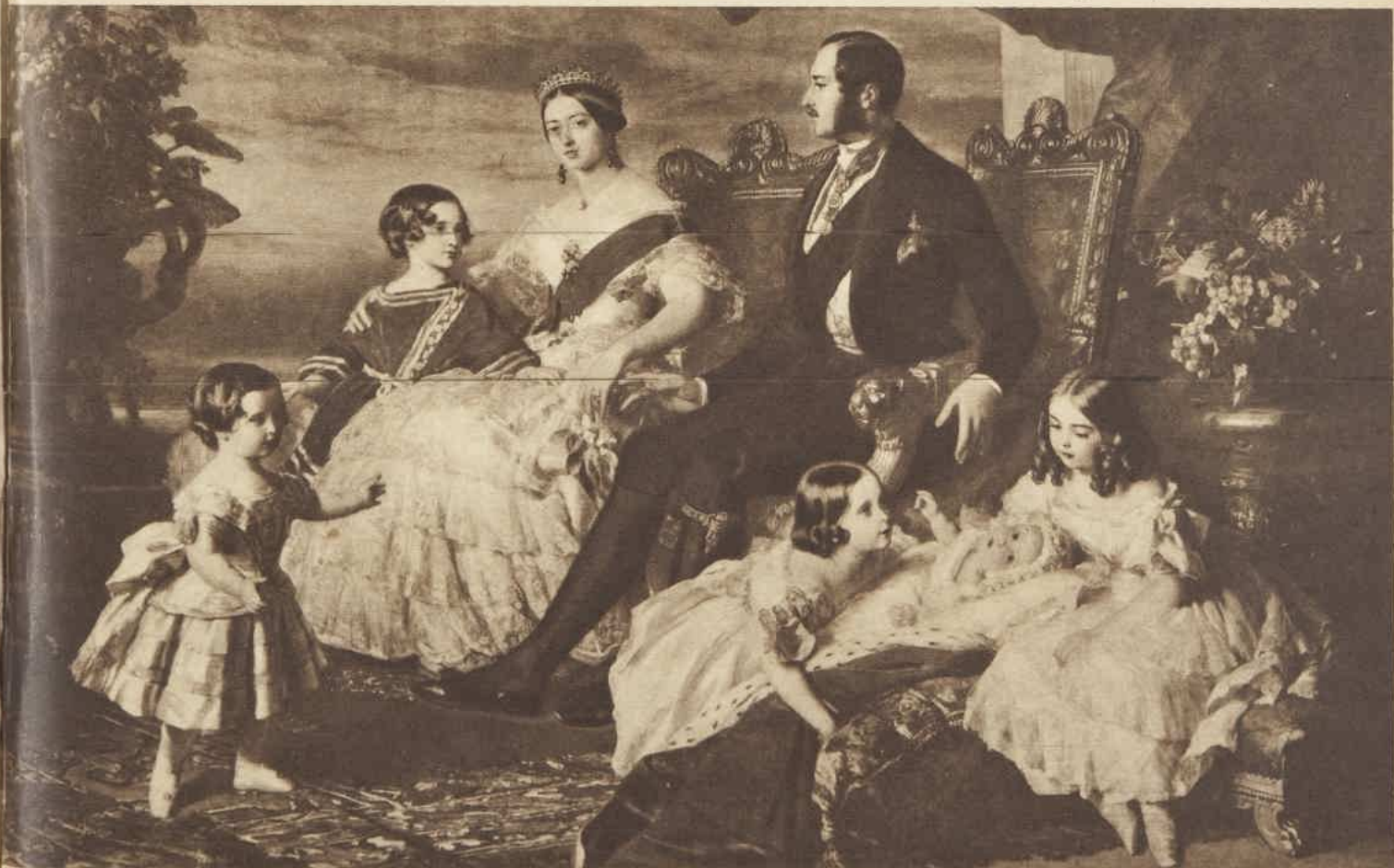
QUEEN ALEXANDRA at the age of 20, when she was Princess of Wales. The portrait by Albert Gifford shows how lovely she was.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (above), painted in Garter robes by Sir Oswald Birley in 1949, when the Queen was Princess Elizabeth. The pictures are from the Queen's own collection and are reproduced with her permission.



BELOW: THE ROYAL FAMILY IN 1846. Queen Victoria with the Prince Consort. The Queen has her arm around the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, the Princess Royal, and Princess Helena are in front. The picture is also by Winterhalter.



"Arietta" Bras, in pink or white, are made for A, B, C, CC, D, DD cup fittings. Some waist-depth. Sizes 30-52. Prices, 29/6 to 52/6.



"Contro-Bra" made in C, CC, D, DD cup fittings; some with built-up shoulders. Sizes 32-52. Prices from 32/6 to 45/6.



"Strapless" Bra by Berlei. Waist-depth in white broderie anglaise. Sizes 30-36. Price, approx., 39/6.



"Fancy Free" high-waisted girdle with "Flutterback" Bra.

"Nylon" Bra, in pink or white, in B and C cup fittings. Laundered beautifully. Sizes 30 to 38. Price, approx., 27/6.



"Empire-Line" Bra in delightful embroidered nylon. B and C bust cups. Sizes 30-36. Price, approx., 49/6.



"Make-Believe" the new wonder bra. Concealed foam rubber adds two inches to your bust measurement. Sizes 30, 32, 34. Price, 34/6.



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SHUTE'S NEW NOVEL

"In The Wet" to begin as our serial next week

In next week's issue we publish the first instalment of "In The Wet," Nevil Shute's latest and most controversial novel.

In continuance of our policy of bringing readers the newest and most discussed books of the day, we will present this novel complete in four long instalments.

SINCE its simultaneous publication in Great Britain and all Commonwealth countries less than a month ago, "In The Wet" has become the most-talked-of novel in the English-speaking world.

Headlines in British newspapers have blazoned it in praise and criticism. Reviewers have written millions of words arguing its audacity or sagacity.

"Five hundred years ago such a piece of lese-majeste would have landed Mr. Shute in the Tower," the English "Empire News" said.

"Judged purely as a story, 'In The Wet' is outstanding. It is vigorous, exciting, colorful, and thought-provoking."

"The Times" (London) describes "In The Wet" as "this disgruntled hobbledehoy of a tale," and proceeds to outline its plot in careful detail.

Because we feel that it is the right of every Australian to read and form his own opinion of this widely discussed book, we have postponed the publication of another serial to bring it to you while the controversy is still at its height.

Our opinions are not necessarily those of Mr. Shute. We publish "In The Wet" so that you may read a book that has

caused a stir, and because of the author's reputation as a fine storyteller.

Here are some other opinions from the Australian and English Press:

The "Empire News" continues: "For the theme of his Coronation-year novel Mr. Shute has thought up the disconcerting idea of a British Government which treats its Queen so badly that she flies off to live in Australia, and other members of the Royal Family go to other British countries."

"... Nevil Shute earns congratulations for it — particularly for the ingenious way he leaves the reader wondering whether it was all supposed to happen or was merely the fever-stricken imagination of the narrator."

In an eight-column review, the Sydney "Sunday Herald" said: "Mr. Shute's startling prophecy of what may happen to the monarchy in 1983 is considerably sharpened by his acid comments on the effect of 30 years of Socialist rule in Great Britain and his intriguing pen-portraits of the notabilities of the day."

The English paper "The Review" says: "Much emphasis is laid on the heavy burden carried by the Royal Family, and no one is likely to quarrel with that."

FAMOUS author Nevil Shute, whose controversial new novel "In The Wet" will begin in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.



"One of the reasons why Australia is to become more conservative and England less prosperous, according to this fantasy, is that the people who emigrate are the enterprising ones. Mr. Shute's home is now in Australia."

"This is going to make you angry" is the headline used by the "News Chronicle" (London).

"It is not usual to introduce members of the Royal Family into novels—even about the future—or to attribute imaginary opinions on government to them."

"Mr. Shute is aware of this, and thinks it advisable to add an author's note saying that 'any forecast of Commonwealth relations in 30 years' time' will be 'vacant and sterile' unless it also 'contains a forecast of the position of the monarch.'"

"But," he adds, "nobody takes a novelist too seriously."

"The Daily Sketch" (London): "Many will say it should never have been written."

The influential "Observer" (London): "Some of Mr. Shute's political notions are interesting, notably that of the multiple vote. But his sugar is too sweet for a proper assessment of the pill."

"This book will obviously have a wide success, but some people may find it unctuous and more than a little vulgar."

For the Queen and her family have substantial speaking parts—in swimsuits at Christmas Island, playing tennis at Canberra with dignity when death threatens, and with benignity when the path of the pilot's love for the Queen's secretary can be smoothed."

"Even Mr. Shute seems aware that he may have gone a little too far," "The Sketch" (London) says in its review.

From the foregoing reviews you will have gathered something of the surprising plot of the year's most-talked-about book.

Fantastic? Certainly. Improbable? Let us earnestly hope so.

The novel tells of the genuine delight and honor felt by the people of the Commonwealth in welcoming the members of the Royal Family. It also makes it clear that the antagonism to the monarchy comes from the British Government, not from the British people.

And what does the author himself feel about the discussion that is raging in the Press of all Commonwealth countries?

He says, "In The Wet" is a very controversial book and it would be difficult to avoid some discussion... I think it is wiser to let the book stand on its own feet..."

After flying his own plane out on a preliminary visit, Nevil Shute in 1950 brought to Australia his wife, two daughters, gardener, and household furnishings.

The Shutes now live on a 99-acre farm at Frankston, Victoria.

Previous Shute best-sellers published as serials by The Australian Women's Weekly are "Landfall," "The Pied Piper," "Pastoral," "A Town Like Alice," and "The Far Country."

Nevil Shute recently said he believed that living in Australia for the next 30 years would be the greatest adventure of his life.



THE BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES
RESPECTFULLY EXTENDS LOYAL
GREETINGS TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II ON THE
OCCASION OF HER CORONATION

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

Guild says it with flowers

From DENIS WYLY, in London

When Queen Elizabeth drives to her Coronation at Westminster Abbey she will carry a mixed bouquet of small white flowers which will be made and presented to her by the Worshipful Guild of Gardeners, one of the City of London's ancient Livery Companies, or tradesmen's guilds.

THE Worshipful Guild of Gardeners, which was formed in 1345, cherishes the time-honored privilege of making the Queen's Coronation bouquet.

The present Clerk of the Guild is Mr. A. F. Steele. He told me: "At the Queen's own wish, the bouquet we are making for her will be small and white. She will carry it on her Coronation drive to Westminster Abbey."

Presenting the Coronation bouquet is a traditional privilege of the Company.

The Gardeners lavished all their traditional skill on the Coronation bouquets they made for Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, and for the late Queen Mary. The bouquets were of pink roses, blue

delphiniums, and white lilies-of-the-valley.

On each anniversary of her Coronation ceremony the Queen Mother receives from the Gardeners a replica of her original bouquet. Queen Mary received a similar tribute.

The Company also made the bouquet for Queen Elizabeth II's wedding to the Duke of Edinburgh. It also was all white, made from three varieties of orchid grown in the original bouquet. Queen Mary received a similar tribute.

Supervising the making of the Coronation bouquet is Mr. Martin Longman, a member of the Gardeners' Company Court of Assistants.

He told me: "We have not yet been informed what flowers the Queen will choose to compose the bouquet, but it is probable that they will be little white orchids, which will

come from Crowborough and Tunbridge Wells; lilies-of-the-valley from Bromley, Kent; white roses from Cheshunt, Hertfordshire; and white carnations from Eton, Buckinghamshire.

"How long will the Coronation bouquet take to make? Oh, not long, of course, once we get the official instructions and briefing."

"It will most probably be made up late the day before, or first thing on Coronation morning, and will be delivered to the Queen at Buckingham Palace by myself and Mr. Steele. It's a fragrant little ceremony, in more ways than one."

In paying homage to the Queen the Gardeners Company, among all the guilds, has the chance of doing so in the most charming way. It is saying it with flowers.

Housework is hard ... until you find relief from BACKACHE

No wonder housework is hard ... no wonder there seems more to do than one pair of hands can possibly manage ... for backache turns the most ordinary tasks into weary toil. But when backache is due to sluggish kidneys, that is a trouble you can soon put right. Yes, soon ... because many women gain relief simply by relying on De Witt's Pills.

This diuretic medicine promptly acts to stimulate sluggish kidneys back to normal activity, so that harmful waste matter is properly expelled from the system. So, if you have this heavy burden of backache, De Witt's Pills come to you with the heartfelt recommendations of grateful people all around you.

So ask your chemist for a bottle of De Witt's Pills today and don't be content with just a little relief—use them long enough to get the fullest possible benefit.

DeWitt's Pills

Made specially to relieve Rheumatic Pains, Backache, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/6 and 6/6.



Coronation Ceremony

For all its superlative pageantry and splendor, the coronation of a British sovereign is essentially a religious ceremony, when dignitaries of the Church consecrate the monarch to lifelong service.



EACH moment of the three-and-a-half-hours-long Coronation ceremony of elaborate and splendid ritual is heavy with spiritual and historic significance.

Among the rich vestments worn by the high-ranking Church dignitaries, none is so much a part of English history as the gold-and-silver embroidered velvet cope worn by the Dean of Westminster. In perfect preservation, it has been worn by holders of his office at the ceremonial crowning of royal heads for almost three centuries.

As the Queen goes to her Coronation through the great west door of Westminster Abbey, she is greeted by the sound of singing. The words are those of the beautiful 122nd Psalm, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Slowly she passes up through the body of the church, into and through the choir, and so up the gorgeously carpeted steps to the great central space known as the "theatre."

Here are placed the three seats for the Queen's successive occupation as the ceremony proceeds.

Near the High Altar, on the epistle side, is the Chair of State. In the centre, facing the altar, is the chair of King Edward I, with the Coronation Stone in its base. Farther back, and approached by five steps, is the Throne.

Before seating herself in the Chair of State Elizabeth sinks to her knees for private prayer and to make her humble adoration.

The bishops, garbed in ecclesiastical splendor, have meanwhile carried the Bible, paten, and chalice to the altar.

Standing close to the Queen throughout the service is the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, in scarlet tunic crossed with the blue sash of the Order of the Garter, and carrying a golden baton.

The crimson-robed lords move from their places, and in processional order carry to the altar the regalia and the swords, England's ancient emblems of sovereignty.

With the peers who carry the swords, emblems of knightly virtue, is the Bishop of Durham, and on the left, with the Great Lord Chamberlain, is the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Everything is now ready for the recognition, the dramatic moment when Elizabeth must offer herself to her people. She rises and, standing alone, slowly turns to show herself to all within the Abbey.

A tumultuous wave of sound is unleashed within the tall grey walls as more than seven thousand voices are raised in the cry, "God Save the Queen!"

Elizabeth has been accepted by her people. The silver trumpets ring out in triumph.

Solemnly the Queen declares to the Archbishop of Canterbury her vow to govern her peoples according to their own laws and customs, and to protect the Church.

To page 36

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the Most Reverend and Right Honorable Geoffrey Francis Fisher, who will crown Queen Elizabeth II in Westminster Abbey on June 2.



THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, the Very Rev. Alan Campbell Don. His role as Dean of Westminster Abbey, where Queen Elizabeth II will be crowned, is second in importance in the religious service to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury.



ABOVE: The Bishop of London, the Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. John William Charles Ward, D.D., Bishop of London and Dean of the Chapels Royal.



LEFT: Minor Canon at Westminster Abbey, Rev. Howard Hallis, was formerly curate and organist at Christ Church, South Yarra, Melbourne. He will chant the Litany of the Coronation service.



RIGHT: The Archbishop of York, the Rt. Hon. and Most Reverend Cyril Forster Gubbett, D.D., in the vestments he will wear at the Coronation ceremony.

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Coronation Contest winner

Mrs. Johnson: "I feel I am living in a dream"

Happiness is a contagious thing. The overflowing happiness of our Coronation Contest winner, Mrs. Mary Johnson, when she selected her additional prizes made the day a joyous one for everybody. "I keep feeling I am living in a dream," she said again and again that day.

Everywhere Mrs. Johnson went she made friends. People whose job it was simply to show her goods and note down her choices ended by going to all sorts of extra trouble to ensure that her trip will be perfect in every detail.

MAGICALLY the day took on the atmosphere of a royal progress. This was compounded as much by our winner's gentle and graceful personality as by the knowledge of those taking part that they were making a dream come true.

Mrs. Johnson's first call was at the Prestige showroom, where she was taken in charge by Mr. A. H. J. Van Noorden.

At the sight of another man in an otherwise all-female day, Barry, Mary Johnson's husband, who will go with her on her Coronation tour, breathed a sigh of relief.

Heads began to pop around doors, everyone wanted to see our Contest winner. "So this is what it's like to be a prince consort," Mr. Johnson said in a good-humored aside. "I might as well get used to it."

Mrs. Johnson selected four nylon nightgowns and half-a-dozen nylon slips and scanties all in peach-pink.

Tea and biscuits came at exactly the right time—Mrs. Johnson had just been told that she was next to choose three dozen pairs of nylon stockings.

"I've never owned three dozen pairs of stockings at the same time in my life," she gasped.

Nothing went, wrong that day. Out at Kingsford Smith Aerodrome Qantas Traffic Officer R. Green and junior Traffic Officer J. Meikle, when they were told that neither of the Johnsons had flown before, turned the tour of inspection

of a Constellation into an imaginary flight to England.

During lunch (Mrs. Johnson wanted "somewhere quiet, to bring her back to her everyday senses") she talked about her children.

While their parents are away Ken (13), Dennis (8), and the twins, Roslyn and Kathryn (6), will stay with friends and relatives.

It will be Mary and Barry Johnson's first holiday alone since their marriage 15 years ago.

Ken, born blind and slightly spastic, whose brave fight was the subject of his mother's winning "Wonderful Day" entry, is feeling especially proud and happy.

Will miss Mum
"DON'T forget if it wasn't for me you wouldn't have won," he said to his mother. "He's the one who'll miss Mary most while we're away," Barry Johnson said quietly.

Our winner finished her lunch with a milkshake—to fortify her for the delicious ordeal of selecting 12 pairs of Joyce shoes.

"Twelve new pairs of shoes," she murmured, "one new pair's a thrill. I can't believe it's really me."

Soon, though, she was deep in conference with Joyce's Mrs. Amy McGrath.

Usually before making a selection, she turned to her husband for confirmation. "You've got good taste, Mary. If you like it, I like it," he said more often than not.

Mrs. McGrath was so won by Mary Johnson's natural and gentle charm that she volun-

teered to help her with any other shopping.

All through that day, when they must have met at least 25 people, the Johnsons got on wonderfully well with everybody. They are going to be wonderful ambassadors for Australia.

And they are going to take their unofficial job of ambassadors seriously. "I feel I'm going for all the people who didn't win," Mary Johnson said.

Madame Pellier, for something like 30 years the arbiter of high fashion in Sydney, was as delighted with Mrs. Johnson as was everyone else.

Madame gave her a lightning glance that summed up slender ankles, graceful head, and hand prettily extended in greeting.

Mrs. Johnson then lived the dream of every woman, and sitting back on a comfortable upholstered sofa, with a thick pile carpet under her feet, watched a mannequin parade specially for her in clothes that could be hers for the asking.

This is the interchangeable Coronation wardrobe she and Madame Pellier finally decided on:

A Paquin afternoon dress of mauve foulard silk patterned delicately with black, collarless, and made with a full skirt and three-quarter sleeves.

A black lace Balenciaga ballerina-length restaurant dress, with a strapless bodice and circular detachable stole.

To wear over both dresses she chose a magnificent Jacques Fath black Rodier wool afternoon coat with the



MRS. MARY JOHNSON

new straight front, full back, and no buttons. It has a huge roll collar and the new full-bottom sleeves that can be worn either long or pushed-up.

When the final selection had been made, Madame Pellier, her brown eyes snapping with their secret, said, "And now I want to give you something from myself. I want to give you a hat to wear in London with your beautiful clothes."

Since her photograph has appeared in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly announcing the Contest results, dozens of people have recognised Mrs. Johnson in the street and congratulated her.

"I didn't know there were so many nice people in the world," she said.

This extract from a letter from a Victorian reader sums up the feeling so many have expressed:

"We are all really pleased that Mrs. Johnson won the Coronation Contest. No wife of an ordinary working man would ever dare to dream that such a trip to the Coronation could be possible. Yet you have made it so."

The managing-director of The Green Park Hotel, where the Johnsons will be staying in London, wrote inviting them to dinner at his Regent's Park home, and then to go on with him and his wife to a theatre and some night-clubs.



MRS. JIM ASH, of Footscray, Vic., inspects the President refrigerator she won as third prize in our Contest.



MR. S. HOUGHTON, of W.A., with his wife, beside the washing machine, one of his three Hoover prizes.



MRS. WAVENEY COXON, of Alice Springs, shows the Philips radio she won with her entry in the Contest.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 27, 1953

Coronation
Contest
Winner

OFF TO LONDON



OUR CONTEST WINNER, Mrs. Mary Johnson, of West Ryde, Sydney, has been busy preparing for her prize trip. Here she is with Madame Pellier (in centre) and a mannequin in Madame's exclusive salon, where dresses and a coat for Coronation occasions were made for Mrs. Johnson.



MR. AND MRS. JOHNSON, who have not travelled by air before, photographed (above) after inspecting the Constellation in which they will fly to the Coronation. They will travel to England and then the United States via Qantas/B.O.A.C., and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

FOOTWEAR OUTFIT of 12 pairs of Joyco shoes was another part of Mrs. Johnson's prize. She is shown at left holding shoes she chose for wear in Singapore and Rome, and on her feet are a pair she selected for sight-seeing during her visits to London and New York.

Husband and wife enjoy first car

MRS. ROBERT SAMPSON, wife of the second-prize winner in our Coronation Contest, travelled 58 miles to Sydney from her home at Hazelbrook in the Blue Mountains specially to be with her husband at the presentation ceremony when he received his prize—a specially fitted Ford Consul car.

They stayed the night in Sydney for a celebration dinner, and spent their first week-end of car ownership on a tour.

On week-days Mr. Sampson still comes to Sydney daily by train, leaving his delighted wife the use of the new Consul.

It is the Sampsons' first car. The last thing we heard from Mr. Sampson was, "She's done her first four hundred miles, and is running like a dream."

SECOND-PRIZE WINNER, Mr. Robert Sampson, of Hazelbrook, N.S.W., admires the specially fitted Ford Consul that he won in Contest.



GLAMOROUS NYLON AND LACE NEGLIGEE by Prestige was Mrs. Johnson's choice to wear over her six sets of sun-glow-toned nylon underwear. She also had the thrill of selecting three dozen pairs of the latest Prestige stockings as part of her prize in our Coronation Contest.



UNDER THE PEPPERCORN TREE Lindsay Davenport shows Barbara Jefford and Jane Holland sheep-dogs working sheep brought up to the yards specially for the occasion. The visitors were delighted to see something of life in Stratford-on-Avon, N.S.W., in the rich North Coast country, 180 miles from Sydney. Stratford was named by English pioneers from Stratford-on-Avon in 1892.



MORNING-TEA at "Edmond Park" with Mrs. Frank Williams, who offered the visitors chocolate cake, scones and cream, and butter made on the property. Left to right: Barbara Jefford, Keith Michell, Mrs. Williams, Terence Longdon, and Jane Holland.

Shakespeare Memorial actors visit Stratford, N.S.W.

By **BETTY BEST**,
staff reporter

As a small silver plane circled the tiny hamlet of Stratford-On-Avon, N.S.W., early on Sunday morning, five members of the Shakespeare Memorial Company looked down in fascination at the galvanised roofs and dust roads below them.

FOR them it was their first glimpse of Australian bush on the tour. But for the 200 excited people who rushed out to wave or to drive to the nearby airstrip it was a four-year-old dream come true.

Ever since the 1949 Shakespearean tour they had hoped that some of the English

Stratford players would be able to visit their namesake town.

"We never really thought they would, you know," said Councillor Jim Bowen, one of the first to hop through the wire fence and rush across the airstrip to the plane. "Now they're here, it's hard to know what to say."

Councillor Bowen had got as far as the wing-tip when the plane door opened, but

he pulled up short as leading lady Barbara Jefford stepped out and shot him a glamorous smile.

So did the dozens of school-children who stood behind him, open-mouthed and wondering.

It was the first plane most of them had seen on the ground, and they couldn't get over the fact that it had landed in one of their own paddocks.

They had a whole morning to get over the shock while Miss Jefford, her husband, Terence Longdon, Jane Holland and her husband, Leo McKern, and Keith Michell drove to nearby properties and learnt something of Australian farming and grazing.

The McKerns and Keith Michell, who are Australian, were overjoyed to be able to show their English colleagues some Australian country.

"We've been telling them about it for so long that they're sick of us. Perhaps they'll take over the publicity side of it now," said Leo.

At "Edmond Park" they met descendants of William John Williams, who came to Australia from England in 1880. He bought the property as a selection.

Williams, who came from Warwickshire, had kept in touch with friends in Stratford, and his son Frank, who now runs the property, still keeps his collection of postcards of the English Stratford, which he proudly showed to the players.

While Mrs. Williams and her daughters Margaret and Dorothy served a magnificent morning tea on the back verandah, her sons Don and Norman rounded up their stud calves for a special naming ceremony.

The family stood around as Miss Jefford picked out a baby heifer, and, giving it a good stage hug, pronounced that it should be called "Desdemona."

"She looks a bit sad, you see. And it will be easy to call her 'Mona' for short," Miss Jefford said.

Meanwhile Leo McKern found himself a sleepy bearded-dragon lizard and, with a Shakespearean flourish dubbed it "Iago."

At a nearby property the players tried to get a ride on a T-model Ford which the

owner, Mr. H. E. Perrin, said "hasn't run for years but is still a good old Lizzie."

At the beautiful home-stead of "Glengariff," where grazier Lindsay Davenport and his wife provided buffet-lunch on the verandah, the players watched sheepdogs working, and Keith Michell fell in love with a little black-and-tan pup who will bear the name of "Hotspur" for the rest of his life.

The other member of the family who promised Keith that she would see he kept his new name was 85-year-old pioneer Mrs. Barbara Dawson, who received the visitors wearing a pretty wide-brimmed hat trimmed with blue tulle and a pretty pale pink bed-jacket.

"You shouldn't be seeing me all wrapped up in rugs like a cripple," she said brightly.

"I feel so ashamed of myself sitting down all the time, but you see I broke my hip when I was dancing with my son at Christmas, and it hasn't got better yet!"

Children excited

AS the party drove down to the weatherboard school-house on the outskirts of the town they were greeted by a big sign reading "Welcome to OUR Stratford" standing just outside the schoolyard gate.

Members of the Stratford Ladies' Committee rushed back and forth with sandwiches, cakes, and pots of tea, drawn straight from the billy, to the long trestle tables under the trees. The school-children lined up in front of the verandah to hear the welcoming speech given by Councillor Bowen.

"It's a great honor to us that these people should see fit to come along and look at our town," said Mr. Bowen.

As well as being a grazier and timber contractor he is president of the local Park Trustees, Parents and Citi-

zens' Association, Tennis Club, Hall Committee, and Junior Farmers' Advisory Committee.

Dressed in their Sunday-best frocks, little Marcia Leonard, 7, and Betty McChesney, 6, shyly climbed the wooden steps to present posies to Miss Jefford and Miss Holland.

At the first sign of an autograph book the townspeople relaxed and the children took the stage.

For the next hour the players were signing everything from pages out of exercise books to handsomely painted autograph books.

Some of the children each adopted a visitor and rushed him or her up to the school-house with cries of "See, that's my desk; would you like to sit at it?" and "We've got pictures of your Stratford on our wall."

They were delighted when Barbara Jefford took them up to a picture of the Royal visit to Stratford, England, and pointed out, "That's me behind the King's shoulder."

It was hard to restrain the children's enthusiasm long enough to carry out a tree-planting ceremony and make presentations of souvenir programmes and Shakespearean histories to the local library and school library.

The day ended all too quickly for the visitors, who just had a minute to peep out of their car windows at the willow-lined Australian Avon River as they drove back to the airstrip.

For the Stratford residents "it seemed just like a dream," as schoolmistress Mrs. John Leonard put it.

"It's a day that none of us will ever forget," she said.

As the plane flew back over the town as the sun set, Terence Longdon expressed the feelings of the whole party.

"It makes you wonder why we live in cities, doesn't it? That's the real life down there."



GRANDMOTHER Barbara Dawson, 85, shared Keith Michell's love for an aggressive little sheepdog pup to whom Keith gave his stage name of "Hotspur," "because he looks as if he would tackle anything," Mrs. Dawson broke her hip recently and had to welcome the visitors from her chair on the verandah at "Glengariff."



OFF TO TOWN in the old Tin Lizzie, with Leo McKern trying to kick it into action while Keith Michell gives instructions from the driving seat and Jane Holland, Terry Langdon, and Barbara Jefford hang on and wait for the blow-up. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Perrin, who own the truck, watch their efforts with admiration and amusement.



A QUIET CHAT and a moment of rest for Jane Holland talking to young Greg Perrin, of Stratford, who works on his father's farm. Miss Holland, who has been away from Australia for six years, was thrilled to be back in the bush in her own country. Stratford is a centre for surrounding grazing and timber-producing country.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1953



FARMYARD christening for this little heifer whose wistful expression won Miss Jefford's heart. After a careful grooming it was dubbed "Desdemona."



AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS are the same whether they stand at the stage door or meet their idols on the school steps. Keith Michell and Terence Langdon were surrounded as they walked down the steps, and Terence found the head of 11-year-old Kevin Ribbons made a handy table. Pictures by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.

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SIGNING THE REGISTER. Jim Robson-Scott and his bride, formerly Prudence Moses, younger daughter of Mr. R. W. Moses, of Singleton, and Mrs. H. T. Omond, of Bellesue Hill.



STUDENTS' BALL. Paddy Biershank, of Rose Bay, and John Willett, of North Bondi, with eight-months-old sheep Mary at the Sheep and Wool Students' Ball. Paddy wore an organza ballerina frock.



IN LONDON. Sydney debutante Moana Fielding Jones, who was presented to Queen Elisabeth at a party at Buckingham Palace.

Social Gittings

IT will be "open house" at "Springfield," Goulburn, home of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown, when hundreds of polo enthusiasts invade Goulburn for the Dudley Cup, which will be played on the "Springfield" grounds.

Matches will be held from Wednesday, June 3, to Saturday, June 6, and the eleven competing teams will provide plenty of excitement.

At "Springfield," Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Maple-Brown will both have house-parties, and Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd, of "Murrabong," Young, will dispense hospitality at a cottage on the property. Mrs. Boyd was formerly Diana Maple-Brown.

Among the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown will be the President of the N.S.W. Polo Association, Jim Ashton, and Mrs. Ashton, of "Millamolong." Mandurama, Mr. and Mrs. L. Mac Smith, of "Boree Cabonne," Orange, and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Mackay.

GLAMOROUS evening gowns will have an airing when the "matrons of Goulburn" entertain hundreds of guests at the Lady Belmore Club on Thursday, June 4. But everyone will be more casually clad when, after the last day's play on Saturday, both players and spectators can relax at a barbecue at "Springfield."

AN all-white wedding was chosen by June Ryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bede Ryan, of Gundagai, when she married Dr. Brian O'Connell at St. Mary's Cathedral, June 4. She wore a gown of Chantilly lace and nylon net, and the same lace trimmed the nylon net frocks of her attendants, Mrs. Noel Bartrop and Helen Isaac.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Bill Mackay and his bride, formerly Pat Kingham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Kingham, of Epping.



YOUTHFUL HOSTESSES Patricia Blogg, of Rose Bay (left), and Ruth Green, of Edgecliff, who gave a party at the Woollahra Golf House, with two of their guests, Suzanne Currich and Jocelyn Emanuel (right).

THE family chapel in the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Jim White's home, "Belltrees," Scone, will be the scene of another pretty wedding in June. Last September the Whites' eldest daughter, Morna, married David Playfair in the chapel, and their second daughter, Bettine, will marry Bill Chandler on June 13. More than 100 guests will attend the reception at the home-stead. The wedding party will be a family affair, as the bridesmaid is Primrose White, sister of the bride, and best man is Colin Chandler, brother of the groom.

BOUFFANT gown of bluish-pink and white nylon net will be worn by Audrey Wilkins, of Rose Bay, when she celebrates her coming of age at a party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wilkins, at Florida House on Saturday. The guests include Kathy Fraser, Peter West, and Ken Bishop, who has just returned from 12 months in America.

Anne



AT SHORE CHAPEL. Bruce Solling and his bride, formerly Anne Magill, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Magill, of Chatswood. Bruce is the son of the Val Sollings, of Moree.



WELLINGTON PICNIC RACE BALL. Mr. George Falkner (left), of "Haddon Rig," Warren, Mrs. G. G. Kias, of "Currawarra," Wellington, Mr. Kias, Mrs. Falkner, Mr. Geoff Cox, of "Burrumbidgee," Mudgee, and Mrs. G. E. Halligan, of Wellington.

THEY WILL ATTEND THE TWO QUEENS



LADY ANNE COKE (above), daughter of the Earl of Leicester, who will be maid of honor. Her mother is one of the ladies-of-the-bedchamber.



LADY JANE VANE-TEMPEST-STEWART, daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry. With their robes, maids of honor will wear only some of their personal jewellery. Their evening dresses will not be trained, as they have to be free to carry the Queen's train.

LADY JANE HEATHCOTE-DRUMMOND-WILLOUGHBY (below), daughter of the Earl of Ancaster and granddaughter of the famous Nancy, Lady Astor.



PAGE OF HONOR, fifteen-year-old Michael Anson (left), one of the four pages, is the grandson of Sir Harold Campbell, Groom of the Robes.

VISCOUNT CARLOW (above), fourteen-year-old heir of the Earl of Portarlington, his grandfather, Lady Portarlington was Miss Yull, of Melbourne.

D
S

Shown below and opposite are the six lovely maids of honor who will attend Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II on Coronation Day. Among them are three pages who, with the fifteen-year-old Earl of Erne, will be lent as trainbearers by the Queen to her mother, the Queen Mother. Rehearsals for the Coronation have been going on for some weeks. The final rehearsal in the Abbey will be in full dress.



LADY MOYRA HAMILTON, daughter of the Marquess of Hamilton. The Queen's maids will wear evening gowns and headdresses designed by Hartnell similar to those worn by trainbearers to the Queen Consort at the Coronation of King George VI.

LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON, daughter of the Earl of Haddington. Lady Mary returned from a holiday on the Continent to begin rehearsals for her arduous duties on Coronation Day. The Queen herself is tutoring her maids of honor, all close personal friends, for their exacting roles.



JONATHON PEEL, fifteen-year-old son of the late Major David Peel and Mrs. Peel, who was appointed to Her Majesty as page of honor last year. He is the grandson of Lord Huntingfield, former Governor of Victoria. His mother was formerly the Honorable Sara Vanneck.

LADY ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. Lady Rosemary, who is engaged to Mr. Robin Muir, is the only engaged girl among the maids.

TALK OF THE TOWN

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This very attractive Black Lance pullover with its baby bottle neck, long set-in sleeves, front fitting button and long drawstring self-captures the ultra modern fashion trend — and makes a girl look lovely to come home to! In the handiest shades — some of them delightfully new.



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DRESS SENSE

Fresh lingerie colors, new shapes for petticoats and slips, negligees and nightgowns are in the news.

COLOR in lingerie is strongly influenced by the great wave of beige and neutral tones sweeping through all phases of fashion.

These new lingerie beiges veer away from drab hues; numbers of them have a pink cast to give them lively and flattering warmth. Rose-beige, french-nude, and sand are among the newest shades.

IN Paris, almond-green lingerie is fresh and new. Parisian model house Freny uses this color for a nightgown and jacket ensemble, and combines it with lace dyed to match.

Another interesting color development is black sheer trimmed with pink rose net. There are, as well, numbers of wallpaper prints, flowering vividly on clear white backgrounds.

WAIST petticoats and slips have new importance in lingerie styling and new appeal. Designs are varied by fabric, color, and trims. The two most popular styles are the camisole-top slip, a slip with a fancy top, and a suit slip, designed on slim form-fitting lines.

New York spring lingerie collections include a slip with a strapless bra-top. The top has a minimum of coverage and is excellent for a dress with a low and/or wide decollete neckline.

The newest waist petticoat is a slim sheath in taffeta. Next on the list is the tiered torso petticoat, excellent under the slim-hipped silhouette, that bursts into pleats below a smooth hipline. For a bouffant skirt, there is the can-can petticoat. As its name suggests, the petticoat is ruffle-trimmed, the ruffle edge finished with narrow ribbon or lace, or both.

IN bridal lingerie, the negligee or peignoir is an established trousseau fashion. The current version is often made in nylon (to eliminate laundering problems) and is designed rather like a full-length, flowing coat.

Example: Rose-pink nylon, belted and flowing, with a large V-shaped cape collar and elbow-length sleeves. Around the collar, pink net and white lace.

Second example, and one that adds not just charm but warmth, is a sweeping, floor-length gown in white satin, printed in pink rosebuds. The robe is quilted and high-buttoned to the throat. A waist-length version of the design would make an enchanting winter bed-jacket.

THE empire line is still important in nightgown fashions. Pleats make a column-like and elegant nightgown. Many designs have a lavish lace trim. A long or short sleeved gown in flowery



D.S. 41.—Winter nightgown, with long or short sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material for long-sleeved design; 4½yds. 36in. material for short-sleeved design. Price, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, C.P.O., Sydney.

wool is No. 1 design for mid-winter glamor. I have illustrated a design for the latter; see caption for details.

To achieve the season's smooth bodyline, corset designers consider a pantie-girdle or girdle the ideal foundation to go with the incoming slim-skirt, easy-waistline silhouette.

by **Betty Keep**

Designers say slimmer skirts mean control must be extended farther down the thighs to eliminate any bulge, but an exaggerated pinched-in waistline is no longer necessary.

NOW for some fashion problems taken from my weekly mail bag. I have selected letters of general interest.

"WOULD you please suggest a material and style for a winter housecoat? It is for a trousseau."

If the garment is to be a housecoat in the true sense of the word, I suggest velvet made on long, elegant, tailored lines, with a button-front fastening, and high-standing, oriental collar.

A gown in this category is perfect for the fireside and

for at-home entertaining. If, however, the gown is for the boudoir, I like the idea of quilted satin or a quilted floral silk. I suggest the design be tailored and front buttoned.

"I HAVE a bulge of fat above my waist, and a girdle seems to make it worse. Is there a corset that will give me a smooth bodyline?"

There are many different corsets designed to take care of this problem. My suggestion is a pantie-girdle. Some girdles are built high enough to reach the band of the bra, so that the flesh is controlled for a long, smooth look. With a girdle just to the waist, you can wear a long-line bra to control the diaphragm.

However, some types of figures are best fitted into a corset which can distribute the flesh more evenly and give a smooth, all-over control. Or you might try a combination bra-waist-nipper and garter-belt, which controls the torso but gives freedom through the hips.

"MY bra doesn't give sufficient support. How can I get the right uplift without wearing a long-line heavy type garment?"

Wear a short bra that has a special support in the form of wire specially constructed to lift and mould the bosom.

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by Michel

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AS CORONATION DAY approaches, Michel makes its contribution to the gaiety and fashion festivities of this very special occasion. Lovely women of Australia and the world will be *lovelier* for the rich colour and new glamour of Michel Lipstick, whose ten fashion-perfect shades include "Tudor Red" — Michel's timely interpretation of the wonderful Elizabethan red chosen by the British Colour Council and given Royal Sponsorship as the colour-elect for Coronation year. Wear Michel now . . . wear it always . . . your favourite lipstick!

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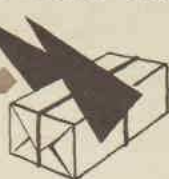
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Coronation ceremony

from page 25

THE Sword of State carried before her, she goes to the altar to make her Coronation Oath. Laying her right hand upon the great Bible that has been brought to the altar by the heads of the Churches of England and Scotland, the Queen swears to hold sacred her promises.

The Archbishop begins the Communion service, proceeding as far as the Creed. It is interrupted at that point by the first of the actual Coronation rites, the Anointing, the ceremony which forever sets apart the Sovereign in the lonely dignity of dedication.

Her attendants now move to divest Elizabeth of her magnificent crimson. Four Knights of the Garter, their azure velvet mantles lined with white, step forward to hold over the Queen a canopy of cloth of gold.

For this solemn moment she is screened from all but the Archbishop of Canterbury.

From the Golden Ampulla (one of the most ancient pieces in the entire regalia) the Dean of Westminster pours the holy anointing oil into a silver anointing spoon.

He passes the spoon to the Archbishop, who touches the Queen on her head, breast, and hands, signifying glory, holiness, and fortitude.

Spiritually Elizabeth has become a Queen.

The magnificent pageantry now moves into its most majestic phase.

Vestments of gold and white are placed on the Queen by the Dean of Westminster. Her hands are touched with the golden spurs of chivalry, and she is handed a token Sword of State.

Solemnly bearing this, she moves to the altar and surrenders to God.

Still richer vestments are placed upon her, and finally the great Robe Royal, the pall of cloth of gold, the clasp of which is ceremoniously fastened by the Lord Great Chamberlain.

Now Elizabeth takes up the Orb, the symbol of the domination of the cross over the world. The Keeper of the Jewel House hands the Archbishop the Ring, a magnificent sapphire set with a ruby cross.

This is placed upon the fourth finger of her right hand, wedding her to her people. The glove is then placed over

the hand, "for mercy in collecting taxes."

In her right hand the Queen now takes the Sceptre with the Cross (the oldest of all emblems of authority, and signifying power and justice), and in her left the Rod with the Dove, signifying equity and mercy.

The Duke of Newcastle, whose privilege it is to supply the Glove, stands by Elizabeth to support her right arm while she is holding the Sceptre.

The thick walls of the Abbey again echo the rising cry "God Save the Queen." There is a ripple of crimson and ermine as the peers and peeresses put on their coronets

The Crown rests on Elizabeth's head only three minutes, and after that she will never wear it again.

After the crowning the Archbishop of Canterbury kisses the Queen's right hand. Then Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, her husband and subject, kneels before her.

Placing his hands between those of the Queen, he pays his homage thus: "I Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God."

Rising, Philip touches the Crown upon Elizabeth's head, and kisses her left cheek.

Removing their coronets, as has Philip, first her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and then her cousin, the Duke of Kent, kneel before Elizabeth and pay homage.

As the voices of the choir soar above in anthems of rejoicing, the senior peer of each degree now calls on his fellow peers to be ever ready to support the Queen.

Now the Abbey is full of sound. There is the great royal roll of drums, the silver tongues of the trumpets are loosened, and all voices are raised in unison.

God save Queen ELIZABETH.
Long live Queen ELIZABETH.

May the Queen live for ever.

The coronation of a Queen of England has ended.

Solemnly the Communion service is resumed.

Putting aside the majesty of the Crown, Elizabeth humbly kneels at the altar steps, where she is joined by Philip.

As the last benediction is given, the Queen, in the company of the great personages of the ceremony, withdraws to the chapel of St. Edward behind the High Altar.

Here, attended by the Mistress of the Robes, the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Groom of the Robes, she exchanges the Royal Robe of State for the Royal purple velvet.

Thus attired in the full splendour of her regal station, wearing the priceless silver Imperial Crown, and carrying the Sceptre and Orb, Queen Elizabeth the Second, with her chief churchmen and nobles in procession, passes down the Abbey and through its west door to her waiting people.

Lines on the Coronation

THIS verse by John Masfield, the Poet Laureate, is from the Official Souvenir Programme.

Now that we crown Her as our Queen

May love keep all her pathways green,

May sunlight bless her days;

May the fair Spring of her beginning

Ripen to all things worth the winning,

The very surest of our praise

That mortal men attempt.

May this old land revive and be

Again a star set in the sea,

A Kingdom fit for such as She

With glories yet undreamt.

The handiest thing
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The safe, speedy cleanser
BON AMI "hasn't scratched yet!"

MOTHER



"Funny that she never told us not to eat these."

BUTCH



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Blemishes

A soap as pure and gentle as Cuticura helps to clear away pimples and blemishes and gives you the smooth beauty of a lovely skin. Fragrant, soothing and of a copious creamy lather, the deep down cleansing of mildly medicated Cuticura Soap will safeguard your natural loveliness. Buy a tablet today.

Cuticura
SOAP

Lovely pre-war star makes comeback

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

You would think that a great star who had been absent from the screen since 1938 might have to be prettied-up a bit for her return.

NOT at all. Elizabeth Allan, one of the great stars of the 'thirties, is making a film comeback, and the first thing the director found out about her was that she was too young-looking and too beautiful for her role.

So they cut her hair short and slapped greasy make-up on her face to make her nose shine and pick out the wrinkles.

It was no good. Elizabeth's winsome, ageless beauty triumphed even over this cosmetic assault and battery. They scarcely found a wrinkle.

So they cut and wisped and dragged her hair a bit more. They rustled in the make-up box and dredged up a witch-mix which remains the proud and private secret weapon of make-up chief Tony Sforzini. They dabbed her with this and dowed her with glycerine and, finally, they had the tired, pallid heroine of the latest Graham Greene best-seller to be filmed, "The Heart of the Matter."

It was filmfodder's mistake to imagine that they would have to make allowances for 15 years and cast Elizabeth Allan in the role of a woman nearing middle age.

The camera tests show that these years have miraculously

missed her and that she could take up where she left off in 1938, after five years of top stardom in Hollywood ended in a long-drawn-out lawsuit against her studio.

Among other films, she had starred in "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Men in White," "Marriage Bureau," and "Camille."

She married her agent, Bill O'Brien, 20 years ago, after he had launched her on her way to stardom. When the war came "Liz" deserted the screen entirely to be near him wherever he was based in England.

Then O'Brien, short, freckled, his fair hair now thinning, became casting director for one of British filmfodder's Big Three, Sir Alexander Korda.

In this job he was in a grand position to push his wife's claims to film roles. It is one of the pleasant surprises in the harsh, competitive world of films that he was diffident about pulling strings.

"Anyhow," he said, "Liz would never have let me."

Ironically, it was the dread rival, television, that rediscovered the radiantly youthful charm of Elizabeth Allan. She was invited to take part in T.V.'s parlor quiz, "What's My



ELIZABETH ALLAN, whose charm and poise have made her the darling of British television, makes a comeback to the screen as co-star with Trevor Howard in "The Heart of the Matter." It is one of Britain's big 1953 films.

Line," and was an immediate sensation.

The B.B.C. is swamped with a daily flood of fan-mail, which lyricises her poise, elegance, and gaiety, and votes her the greatest feminine drawcard in British show business.

A British film producer, Emeric Pressburger, indulging in the new screen custom of looking in on television—a top shop-window for buying up new screen finds—discovered Elizabeth Allan. She was starred in "Twice Upon a Time."

It was after this that her casting director husband had the bewildering pleasure of negotiating with his wife over a starring role with his film company, under request from producer Ian Dalrymple, for "The Heart of the Matter."

In this Elizabeth stars with Trevor Howard.

The story is set in a torrid West African territory, Sierra Leone. She plays the part of an exhausted, bitter, and nerve-ridden wife who has reached the end of her tether after 14 years spent in the devastating climate of Freetown.

Howard, her husband, is a Deputy Police Commissioner, whose kindness to her and to others—including a young girl with whom he falls in love—leads him to disaster.

Now that filming is drawing to a close in Shepperton Studios, producer Dalrymple is preening himself over choosing her for a complex and emotional character role.

"Everybody thinks of her as gay, witty, attractively dressed, and fresh as a spring daffodil," he boasted. "Few could see that Liz could interpret a part like this."

"Well," he grinned, "Wait and see."

"The Heart of the Matter," a story of penetrating character studies, promises to be one of the most important films to emerge from a British film studio this year.

Australia's Peter Finch walked straight from his character as a Catholic priest in "The Heart of the Matter" to a starring role in "Elephant Walk."

But best of all, the film brings a new lease of screen life to Elizabeth Allan.

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CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★★ "For Whom the Bell Tolls," technicolor drama, starring Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman. Plus "Mr. Reckless," adventure drama, starring William Fyfe, Barbara Britton. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "The Star," drama, starring Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Home at Seven," thriller-drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Jack Hawkins. Plus ★ "Treasure Hunt," comedy, starring Jimmy Edwards.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "Androcles and the Lion," comedy-farce, starring Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Alan Young, Robert Newton. Plus "The Secret Sharer," sea drama, starring James Mason, Michael Pate.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Julius Caesar," Shakespearian tragedy, starring James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Man in the Dark," 3-D thriller, starring Edmond O'Brien, Audrey Totter. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ "Eagle Squadron," air drama, starring Robert Stack, Nigel Bruce. Plus ★ "The Lady Objects," technicolor Western, starring Yvonne de Carlo, Rod Cameron. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "The House of Wax," Warnercolor 3-D thriller, starring Vincent Price, Phyllis Kirk. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★★ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Walt Disney's technicolor cartoon. Plus "The Threat," mystery, starring Charles McGraw, Virginia Gray. (Both re-releases.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "The Son of Paleface," technicolor comedy, starring Bob Hope, Jane Russell, Roy Rogers. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "The Quiet Man," technicolor Irish farce, starring John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Clochemerle," French-language comedy, starring Brochard, Simone Marchesi, Paul Demange, Maximilienne. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore. Plus ★ "Two-Dollar Bet," gambling drama, starring John Littel, Marie Windsor.

Films not yet reviewed

CIVIC.—★ "Cattle Town," Western, starring Dennis Morgan, Philip Carey, Rita Moreno. Plus ★ "Chain Lightning," air drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Eleanor Parker (Re-release).

PARK.—★ "Behind Closed Shutters," Italian drama, starring Eleanor Rossi, Massimo Girotti. Plus "Broadway Limited," comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Marjorie Woodsworth (Re-release).

PLAZA.—★ "MacDonald of the Canadian Mounties," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Tyrone Power, Penny Edwards. Plus "No Time for Flowers," drama, starring Vivica Lindfors, Paul Christian.

STATE.—★ "The Planter's Wife," drama of terrorist Malaya, starring Jack Hawkins, Claudette Colbert, Anthony Steel. Plus "The Happy Family," comedy, starring Stanley Holloway, Kathleen Harrison.

ST. JAMES.—★ "The Girl Who Had Everything," drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Fernando Lamas. Plus "Desperate Search," drama, starring Howard Keel, Jane Greer, Patricia Medina.

VICTORY.—★ "Another Man's Poison," drama, starring Bette Davis, Gary Merrill. Plus "Judgement Deferred," drama, starring Joan Collins, Hugh Sinclair.

★ The Star

"THE STAR" (Twentieth Century-Fox) is primarily a showcase for the admirable talents of Bette Davis.

As an egocentric, ageing actress for whom nothing of past Hollywood glory re-

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

mains, Miss Davis suffers continuous torment.

Nobody else on the screen can portray angst, despair, and heartbreak more potently

than Bette, and you can hardly fail to be touched

occasionally by her plight. The main drawback with "The Star" is in a screenplay

that is now over-familiar to filmgoers. Everything it has to say has been said before more effectively.

Sterling Hayden plays the one remaining friend who helps Miss Davis dispel illusions and get back to normality.

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1 GIFT of saddles to pilfering Mongol nomads is made by weathermen, led by martinet Sam McHale (Richard Widmark), second left, to induce help in foiling Japs.



2 INJURED when playing with Navy chemicals, the young son of crafty Mongol leader Kengtu (Murvyn Vye), second from right, is saved by McHale. The Mongols vanish during Japanese raid in which all Navy radio gear is destroyed.



3 ORDERED by McHale to begin 800-mile walk to safety through Gobi Desert, Americans suffer fatigue and thirst. They eventually reach an oasis, and are awed by natural phenomena of the country.



4 MEETING Mongolian friends at oasis, McHale reminds them of gift saddles and demands help to escape. The Mongols return the saddles, which the Americans trade to some Chinese for seven camels.

DESTINATION GOBI



DURING World War II, in the war against Japan the American armed forces maintained teams of trained weather observers in the Gobi Desert. These teams radioed vital reports of meteorological conditions to the U.S. Navy.

Desert detachments maintained close contact with Mongol nomads, whose assistance and friendship were highly important.

In "Destination Gobi" 20th Century-Fox gives a fictionalised account of American Navy weather observers stationed in the Gobi who strike trouble when forced to flee from Japanese attack.



6 PRISONERS await execution at the Japanese stronghold near the sea. Lacking uniforms, captives are classed as spies. A Mongol prisoner arrives and tells them of Kengtu's plans to rescue them at night.



7 ESCAPE to a junk with the help of the Mongols is not without casualty. Some of the Mongol party are cut off from the shore and forced to leave with the Americans.



8 LANDED in the desert shortly after VJ-Day, Kengtu and his men, loaded with gifts, are reunited with their tribesmen. McHale thanks the Mongols for saving Americans, and apologises to Kengtu for having thought him to be a traitor.



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Peel and wash mushrooms, discard stalks and cut up mushrooms in two halves. Quickly fry the mushrooms and chopped onion in the butter for about 5 mins., then transfer the mushrooms into separate pot. Now mix the curry powder and flour with melted butter and onion, then add the milk gradually. Stir till the mixture boils, then add the egg (finely chopped), lemon juice, and salt. The sauce is now ready to pour over the mushrooms, and they should be left in the hot sauce until tender (about 1/2 hr.). Serve on a hot dish, the boiled rice heaped in the centre and the mushrooms making a border.

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Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 5

instantly, suppressed. "But you can be—what is the word?—honorably discharged. I too have served with the Legion. So we are already more than comrades, you and I. We are brothers, and until we die we can say with pride that we have been legionnaires. I return your passport. Take it. I salute you. Now go with your friend."

"Did I join the Foreign Legion or did I not?"

"You did."

"Right. Now that I'm in, I want to stay in—and I don't want Mr. Grenfell here chasing me around like a nursemaid."

The officer lowered himself into his chair. He said with great patience: "Listen to me, little one. The train for Lille does not leave until a quarter to six and, if you insist, it is my duty to give you a warrant. You would spend some days in the barracks at Lille. They are not very comfortable, and you would be very glad to go on to a new place, to the barracks of Saint Vincent at Marseille. From the barracks of Saint Vincent, you would consider the barracks at Lille to have been a de-luxe hotel. You would be very glad to leave Marseille, and to go on once more, to Sidi-bel-Abbes. Once in Sidi-bel-Abbes you would look back on Saint Vincent and know that you had been in paradise."

He smiled. "The Legion is like that. The next station is always worse than the last. I know—because I, like you, have been a legionnaire. Accept your honorable discharge and go now with your friend. I am sure that he is your friend."

Shorty stiffened. "It's no good trying to put the wind up me. My mind's made up."

"Enough. I command you to go."

"I'll go—but I'll be back. No one's going to talk me out of it."

"We hear what you say. Now I would like to take my siesta."

There was a tense silence. Luke Grenfell broke it.

"Come on, you fool," he said to Shorty. "You owe me a hundred and twenty francs for the book you pinched." He turned to the officer. "Thank you most awfully, sir. May I . . . er . . . offer you a cigarette?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Grenfell. I have one." With a flourish he set fire to the black stub . . .

They stood side by side leaning over the ramparts, looking over the roofs of Boulogne. It was a long time before Shorty spoke. He said angrily: "I didn't mean to pinch that book. I forgot I had it in my hand. I may be a lot of things, but I'm not a thief."

"I know you're not."

"I'd like to give you the money for it. I'm not a thief!"

"Nobody ever thought you were a thief."

Shorty laughed with bitter sarcasm. "Nobody—except you and the C.I.D. How much did the book cost?"

"Hundred and twenty francs."

"Fine. Here it is. And now, provided nursery has no objection, I'll be getting back." He went on trying deliberately to wound. "You got what you came for."

He turned and began to walk away. Luke did not move. So immobile was he that he might have been a carved figure looking for ever with sightless eyes of stone from the ramparts of the city. He heard Shorty's quick steps become slower, heard them hesitate and drag and stop. He knew that Shorty had turned round and was looking at him with resentment, and that the slightest move on his

part would be the signal for those hideous pointed shoes to take up their march once more. He waited.

Far below, a fishing-boat with a brown sail tacked into harbor from the open sea, crawled with an ever-diminishing bow-wave to her mooring. Suddenly, Shorty's shoes crunched on the gravel beside him. Shorty's voice spoke at his side, veined with an emotion which he himself did not understand.

"Mr. Grenfell."

"Yes, Shorty?"

"I'm sorry I said that—about you only coming for the money."

"That's all right."

"I know you was only trying to do your best, but it's no good. I wouldn't like to go away with you thinking I thought you only wanted your hundred and twenty francs. That's all."

The fishermen were alongside the quay and the brown sail was flapping down off the mast. Luke said meditatively, gazing over the harbor: "What's the trouble, Shorty?"

"Trouble? I'm in no trouble. Not now, anyway. I just want to get away."

"Away from what?"

"You wouldn't understand."

LUKE said quietly, "I could try to understand, Shorty. I hope you'll give me a chance to try."

"I'd be wasting my time."

"Well . . . waste it. It's the last chance you'll get."

"How tall are you?"

"Five foot ten."

"You look bigger. If you was to stand up straight you'd be six feet—or a bit more. And now look me over," he said with bitterness. "It won't take you long. I'm Shorty, I am. Shorty the little runt, knee-high to a duck, Shorty the coppers' half-holiday, four foot eleven in his high-heel shoes, and every inch of it good for a laugh. But I could be somebody different, and neither you nor no one else is going to stop me."

"Going to Sidi-bel-Abbes won't increase your height."

"I never said it would. But it'll increase me."

"I don't understand."

"I told you I'd be wasting my time talking to you."

"Please go on."

"All right. You've asked for it. You'll get it." He looked over the harbor, but he saw nothing of the roofs or the ruins or the masts of ships. He peered instead into the future and, for the first time in his life, he was happy at what he saw. He went on, speaking more slowly now, delighting in the image of what was to come:

"I join the Foreign Legion. I serve my time—and even if

it's tough, I can take it. Well, when I've served my time, I come out. I come back to England. O.K. Well, one night I stroll into the old Hand and Flower. Mrs. Collins and the boys see me come in. What do they say? 'Well, where there's Shorty! Where you dropped from, Shorty?' What do I say? 'Africa, actually, Sahara, as a matter of fact—and less of the Shorty, if you please. Maybe one of two of you gentlemen seen 'Heau Geste.' Well, that's me. I been in the Foreign Legion, we And now, laugh that one off.' Luke saw it all.

"There's few," said Shorty, "big or small, as can say that."

What was Shorty prepared to endure in return for this distant, imagined moment of triumph? Loneliness, discipline so rigid as to be sadistic, the jeers not of his compatriots but of strangers from whom he would be separated by the gulf of an unknown language, years of sweat and toil, with the brief nightly solace of oblivion.

Aware, now, that he was fighting a losing battle, Luke said without conviction: "But . . . but what about your parents?"

"Parents?" Shorty spat derisively. "Don't be funny, chum. I was born in Holloway Gaol, and my mum and on the parish this long time. I never seen my dad and my mum only seen him once."

Shorty sniffed. "Once we often that was—for that's where I came in. But I got a half-sister, a nice, well-spoken young lady, name of Beryl. I told you about her. Her dad isn't my dad. He's her real dad." He paused and added succinctly, "Churched."

"But surely you've got a girl-friend . . . or somebody."

"Girl-friend! Me! The only place I could find a girl-friend would be in the freak pit at a circus." He drew himself up to his meagre height and said with great sarcasm, "Well, Mr. Grenfell, sir, any more questions?"

"No, Shorty. No more questions. But there is one favor I want to ask of you."

"You asking me favors? Don't make me laugh."

"You can laugh if you like, but I still want to ask you a favor. Wherever you get to, and I don't know what lies before you, write and tell me where and how you are."

"I'm no good at writing. Never could spell."

"Well . . . try."

Shorty shifted his feet. "O.K. I'll try."

"Promise."

"Aw, nuts. If I say I will, I will."

"Fair enough. You'll always

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WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT — IT'S



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1953

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find me care The Hand and Flower, Saint John's Wood, London. Please remember that, as a solid thing."

"I'll write. Although what good it'll do me, I don't know." He began to stammer. He had remembered the man with the oyster eyes, and what might lie beyond the gate through which he soon would pass filled him with fear.

"Well, I'd b-b-better be getting b-b-back now. And, as I said before, I d-d-didn't mean what I said about your only coming for the m-m-money, s-s-straight up, I d-d-didn't. S-s-so-long, and all the b-b-best."

"So long, Shorty." His stammer fled. He said truculently: "You won't call me 'Shorty' when I come home—from the Foreign Legion." "I'll never call you 'Shorty' again. What's your real name? I've never known."

"My real name?" He grinned sheepishly. "Aw, skip it. Just call me 'Bill.' Bill will do."

"But is Bill your name?" "No, it isn't. My name is Nelson Rodney Drake Frohisher Harris." His ghastly shoes did their little horripole on the gravel and he scowled. "Funny, isn't it? My dad was a sailor, see, like you. Well, all the b-b-best, Lukey-boy."

"All the best, Bill."

He turned to watch Shorty go. He walked with his arms swinging and his back erect, the travesty of a Guardsman, four foot eleven inches of determination and guts. He passed under the limp Tricolor, turned to the right. There was a silent roll of drums, and the noble music of a song surged in Like Grenfell's memory. Looking at the gate through which Shorty had passed, he said aloud:

"Allons, enfants de la patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

Jim Carver walked down the steep street. He had little sense of direction at this moment, but he knew that he must eventually come to the harbor and that was where he wanted to be.

He walked quickly, seeing

Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

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nothing but his destination. From the moment when Marie-Josephe had held out her hand to him in the Cimetiere de l'Est he had only wished to arrest the passage of time. Now the pendulum had swung violently—and the boat could not leave too soon.

His hurt mind refused to admit what he knew deep down to be the root and the reason for Marie-Josephe's sudden attack and equally sudden withdrawal, and he kept making excuses for himself, attributing her flight to any cause other than the true one. Had he—an Englishman—been too different with a Frenchwoman, or had he—a man—been too bold with a girl?

He told himself that by the time the cliffs of Kent rose out of the sea he would be able to think more clearly and see with detachment why and at what point the golden thread had snapped. He lied to himself, for he knew now. His steps became slower. Ever since Marie-Josephe had spoken to him near to where George Holden lay, he had had a blinding sense of the inevitable.

It had begun even before that. It had been with him last night—and the bells of Saint Saviour's had chimed the advent of this extraordinary day, lacing the dawn with the echo of a song he thought long ago to have forgotten. The song learned among the apple trees was no longer an echo. It had become real and remembered, and he had listened to it, sung by a living voice over the graves of the dead.

Every step took him farther and farther away from the singer—and, in heaven's name, why? What sudden lunacy had prompted him to defend himself against the shock of hearing that Marie-Josephe was promised in marriage by claiming an engagement to which he was in no way bound? And there had been plenty of time over the day for him to have put things right. He'd never done it. He'd let Marie-Josephe

go on believing what wasn't true.

He stopped. With a tremendous gush of love, he understood clearly how the mind of a clean and honorable girl had worked. Her bitterness had been a bitterness derived from simple honesty. Through a gap between two shattered houses he had a narrow glimpse of the harbor and of the blue levels of the sea. There lay journey's end. Behind him, if he had the grace and strength to go back, might be journey's beginning.

Again the pendulum swung and every minute became as precious as gold. Jim turned away from the road to the harbor, and began, slowly at first, to retrace his steps up the street that led to the cathedral. His pace quickened from a walk to a march. Half-way up the hill he had to stop to breathe and

to wipe the sweat from his forehead. He used the only handkerchief he had, and it was not his own. The sight of it was like the touch of a spur.

Though the sun burned his face like a furnace, though his shirt was soaked and every muscle in his legs had its own separate ache, he strode on. He knew what he would say to Marie-Josephe if there were need for words between them. He would take her two hands in his and tell her the truth, then everything would be as it had been in Clos d'Argent and in the cathedral. The future would take care of itself.

His only purpose was to reach the steps, and to go to her and clasp her bare, sun-burned fingers. The road canted steeply upwards, and he half-ran the last fifty yards and swung breathlessly round the corner.

The sound of his eager feet made a great clatter in the emptiness. The steps of the cathedral, long-shadowed in the declining sun, the cobbles of the street, petrified ripples in a petrified sea, the blind, sun-baked houses, all these things were as still and as hot and as brooding as a Van Gogh.

Trevor Hilgrove glanced at his watch and yawned. For the last three-quarters of an hour he had been indulging in one of his favorite pastimes, that of watching the world go by. He sat under a striped umbrella outside one of the humbler cafes, not far from the Etoile, and contemplated the future with an equanimity amounting to smugness.

Everything had gone remarkably well—and the incident with the old General in the black eyeglass had merely served to add a sauce piquante to an already stimulating adventure. His dart-board—original price thirty shillings—was now worth about five hundred pounds. He picked it up carefully and examined it with

meticulous attention. Yes, the job had been well done, for the joint was almost invisible to the naked eye.

He knew, of course, that the observant gentlemen of Her Majesty's Customs and Excise studied the passengers as closely as they did their luggage, and that once their suspicions were aroused the game was up for the guilty.

It was unlikely that, even allowing for their photographic memory for faces, they would isolate his features from those of The Hand and Flower Darts Club. Suppose they did, suppose they invited him courteously to enter the special examination room so that he could be searched and his belongings weighed, all would still be well.

Trevor proposed to take no chances. Charley Brewer, with his blue serge suit, his bowler, his gym-shoes, and his spread pig-ears collar, was the most transparently innocent of men. No Customs officers would give him more than a humorous glance. It was Charley, therefore, who would have the unwitting honor of transporting five-hundred-pounds' worth of gold watches through the Customs Hall of Folkestone.

Nothing could be easier. He would stand Charley a few drinks on board ship, and then say something like, "Look, Charley, I've been carrying this blasted thing around all day. Time you took a turn. Fair's fair." Once past the hawk-eyed Waterguard and safely on the train to Victoria, he would relieve Charley of his burden and—yes, he would—he'd buy him a large whisky and soda.

Trevor looked at the passers-by with a pity that was veined with contempt. Simple Boulogne, how purposeless were their wanderings. How hard they toiled for a pittance, a few thousand francs in the month to keep body, soul, and family together, a few hundred to spend grudgingly in the cafes. One or two of them glanced at his dart-board, symbol of the English day-tripper, and smiled

with knowing tolerance. Trevor smiled back. Why not? He could afford to smile.

He supposed that it was already time to get back to the Etoile. Funny that Jim Carver never turned up. He was the only mysterious one of the party, and therefore the only one of interest to Trevor Hilgrove. He'd gone off alone as soon as the boat docked, and nobody seemed to have any idea where he'd gone, except that ass Luke Grenfell.

That was another queer thing, come to think of it. People were apt to confide in Luke Grenfell, in spite of his horn-rimmed spectacles and his slightly domineering air. Could it be that he possessed some quality, some—he frowned—some integrity that was not apparent to one who lived by his wits? Not that it mattered either way. Suddenly he started. There, surely, was Jim Carver—and looking like the wrath of God! He stood up, almost tripping over his dart-board, and waved.

"Jim!" Jim turned instantly, eagerly. When he saw Trevor, the interest in his face died. Trevor called cheerfully: "Hello, Jim. Come and have a drink."

Jim hesitated. Then slowly and with an air of weariness he threaded his way through the tables and sat down. The observant Trevor noticed that he deliberately chose a seat that commanded the widest view of the street, and that his eyes glanced swiftly at and away from every woman that passed. He said meaningfully: "Looking for someone, Jim?"

"No. Not really. Well, I am, in a way. Sorry I couldn't turn up. I had to go and see some . . . some friends, and they kept me longer than I thought."

"Have a drink, Jim."

At last Jim Carver turned and looked at him directly. His lean face was strained and wet, and Trevor was at once aware that something had gone pretty badly astray. Jim squared his shoulders.

"Yes," he said, "I will. I've just realised that I've a racing

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No work for housewives

THE housewife in the next century will have very little work to do; she'll have gadgets to do it for her.

There'll be no more sweeping and dusting because high frequency waves will prevent dust entering the home.

Food will be bought ready cooked and on throw-away plastic plates.

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True Confessions
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JUNE 1/6



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Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

front. We might even split a bottle."

"Good idea. Drown our sorrows in drink. Old Collins is expecting us all in the Etiole at five, and it's after that now, so we mustn't be too long." He said lamely. "Shall we drink inside where it's cool?"

"No. I'd rather we stayed here, if you don't mind."

"Just as you like. I only doubt we might get out of the sun."

"No. Not out of the sun." Trevor called the waiter, and after a little friendly wrangling ordered a bottle of white burgundy. With a nice sense of the fitness of things, he chose a dry Entre Deux Mers. The bottle was misted and cold to the touch and the wine redolent of the scent of flowers. He poured out two glasses and raised his with a grin.

"Always hold a bottle by the neck and a woman by the waist," as my grandfather used to say.

It wasn't true. He hadn't got a grandfather—at least not one whose maxims were worth quoting. But his alleged descent from a robust old wine-bibber with a few imaginary acres of rough shooting in an unspecified part of the West Country went very well with his old school tie.

Trevor had several of these gambits, all designed to increase his social status. He frequently produced an equally imaginary old nurse, who was quite a character in her own way and whose comments on life below stairs were as diverting as they were pungent. In strictly non-military society he was apt to quote the witticisms of "one of my sergeants," among soldiers the same witticisms came from "one of my snotties." He had one remark that always went with a swing in almost any society. It was "lovely scintin' morning."

Now he groped among a considerable selection to find the most appropriate toast and decided on the debonnaire, the dabbler.

"Well," he said gaily, "here's to women and gunpowder—God bless 'em both."

"What?"

"I said 'women and gunpowder.' It's a sort of joke."

"Oh, I see. Well, all the best."

"All the best," said Trevor humbly.

That hadn't gone with a swing. Obviously the timing was wrong.

"Had a good day, Jim?"

He didn't want to speak to Hilgrove about his day. There was only one person he felt he could talk to with any freedom.

Well—there were two, actually, but one of them was dead.

"Yes. I've . . . I've had quite a good day. How did you get on?"

"We all had lunch together, followed by a pretty boring speech from old Collins. Then we separated and went off on our own. As a matter of fact, I went to see—a sick friend, and then afterwards I got involved in a slight fracas with an old boy in a black eyeglass."

Trevor laughed. "He was so fond that he presented me with his card. Here it is." He read it aloud, smiling. "General Felix de la Chanterelle, Grand Officier of the Legion of Honor, and all that sort of tripe."

"You don't get the Legion of Honor for nothing. At least not often. What happened?"

"We had a bit of a set-to, that's all. When he gave me his card he asked me for mine, so I fished him out one I'd been given by the tout at the harbor this morning. Funny. I'd like to have seen his face when he read it."

"But you didn't wait?"

"No fear. I'm not looking for trouble. So if you happen to spot a military-looking gent in white buckskin shoes, wearing a black eyeglass and carrying a stick, take my advice and keep out of his way. I don't think he likes the English—much."

"It's a pity," said Jim. "That sort of thing does no good."

"Oh, rot," said Trevor easily. "All's well that ends well."

He drained his glass. There was a little wine left in the bottle. "That's your share, Jim. Drink."

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it up and we'll get along to the Etiole and meet the others."

"I'm not going to the Etiole. I'm staying here."

"But my dear chap—"

"I'm staying here—until the boat goes. Would you tell Mr. Collins that I'm quite all right and that I'll meet him on board."

Trevor stood up and counted out half the price of the wine in franc notes. He said in a friendly voice, inviting a confidence: "There's my half. Anything up, Jim?"

"No, nothing at all. I'm fine—but I want to stay here—in case my friend, the person I know, happens to come by. Not that that's likely."

"If there's anything I can do, let me know. I speak the language a bit, and if there's anything, well, you've only got to say the word."

"No. There's nothing anyone can do. Sorry. The best service you could do would be to leave me alone. Sorry. I'm not being rude, but that's how it is."

WHATEVER had hit Jim Carver had hit him hard. Trevor thought, looking at him strangely. The parcel he'd been holding on to so carefully in the train and in the boat had gone, and Trevor wondered if it could have anything to do with that. He didn't suppose he'd ever find out. Jim wasn't the talking kind.

"O.K., Jim. See you on board."

"You will. Don't forget your precious dart-board."

"Precious." Why had Jim used the word "precious"? But he was scanning the street with that same intensity, hoping desperately that someone would appear, so that he could start up and go to whoever it was. The word, the mot juste, had been accidental and was without significance. Odd to think of Jim Carver, of all people, being caught up in an emotional tangle, for that's what had clearly happened. He'd thought of Jim as the solemn, steady sort, one of "the mere uncounted folk." Showed how wrong one could be. He picked up the dart-board.

"Hope your friend turns up, Jim. So long."

"So long."

If only she would come. Where could she have gone to? Back to Clos d'Argent? But then she couldn't start the car without him, so she must be somewhere near. Would it be better for him to walk the streets or to stay here? If she passed, she would pass by this place. If she went to her friend, Madame Loget, she would still have to tread this pavement.

There was one place that she might have gone to, and if she had, then she would have gone from him for ever. She might have hidden that pale circle on her finger with Henri's ring once more and be with him now.

What a fool he'd been. It was no use his pretending to himself that he didn't know why she had gone, when he knew perfectly well. In his first blinding disappointment, he had wanted to blame her, to find excuses for himself by saying that she was impulsive and irresponsible. The opposite was the truth. It was she who had been consistent throughout, he who had failed to measure up to her honesty.

When he had asked her about her ring she had told him simply and at once that it had been given to her by her fiancé, by Henri Dubot. She had said, "And you, Jim? What about you?" and he had produced Cherry. He had not produced a woman of flesh and blood, but a defence mechanism.

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N. 136-6

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): There's a reward for enterprise on May 27, if you consult your head rather than your heart; emotions might run away with you on May 29 and cause complications.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Nothing quite so good for a bit of extra money as May 30, but there's the danger of squandering it on June 1 and losing all the profit.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): May 29 is hardly the time to have a showdown in personal relations. A permanent break may result. May 31 sheds new light on an old problem.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): There's a fresh breeze blowing, with conditions changing. A hint of what's in store may color May 27. Don't let May 28 upset you.

LEO (July 23-August 22): If a club member, be diplomatic on May 28. June 1, afternoon and evening, is fine for smoothing over difficulties among friends or associates.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Avoid asking favors or making requests of those in authority on May 29. June 1 is likely to help you gain in social or business circles.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a source of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): That little week-end expedition started on May 30 should be happy and gay. Plans made for June 1 are liable to change at short notice.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): News on May 28 may not be welcome, yet you can turn a liability into an asset and find the evening of May 29 a triumph after all your heartburnings.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Partnerships, financial, sporting, romantic, or matrimonial, get a boost on May 26, but May 28 could throw a spanner in the works.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): A little more money, slightly better working conditions, or some labor-saving device may give you a lift on May 29. May 31 is for outings.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): That extra special date, May 27, is under smiling stars. A mild risk in a business matter could be taken this week. May 31 is under a cloud. But it's only a passing one.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Home interests flourish on May 29. The family may show appreciation; an important purchase may be made. May 31 may give you a problem to solve.

Kiddies can make HOT CHOCOLATE this easy way...

It's fun — it's easy — it's quick.

Hot chocolate made in a minute. Delicious hot chocolate that has a fascinating flavour all its own. Simply sprinkle two teaspoonsful on to a cup of hot milk (or milk and water). Stir till dissolved — it's as easy as that! Half pound packet — 2/-.

Made in a minute — right in the top.

CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE



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"Woolsacks in Parliament" from the painting by Gordon Nicoll, R.L.

"THE FLOWER AND BLOOD OF ENGLAND"

When, amid momentous pageantry and symbolism Queen Elizabeth II takes the throne of Great Britain on June 2, the historic ritual which launches this second Elizabethan age will be almost identical with the ceremonies held 400 years ago when the coronation of the first Elizabeth began a great era of progress and growth.

Among the prominent customs of the Elizabethan era which are still in force, is the use of the woolsack. Legend persists that the peers were first seated upon woolsacks in Parliament so that they would have a constant reminder that England's prosperity rested upon the wool growing industry—for the nation's principal revenue in that day was derived from the sale of wool abroad. Indeed, the

wool trade was said to be "The Flower and Strength and Revenue and Blood of England".

Even today, the official report of the daily debates in the House of Lords still begins in this way: "The House met at half past two of the clock, the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack."

As we begin this second great Elizabethan era wool is still one of the most important industries linking Australia with the Mother country. With 117 million sheep, producing about 1,100 million pounds of wool a year, our prosperity depends more on the production and sale of wool than any other commodity.

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Story closes by July 31. Awards
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Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 45

never seen anyone in my life
look more like a pricked bal-
loon than Collins, and, of
course, Charley's having the
time of his life. Full of Bene-
dictine, champagne, and moral
indignation.

"You've had quite a day,
haven't you?"

"Yes—and that's not all. A
couple of chaps in the Etoile
took Hilgrove's dart-board when
he wasn't looking and hung it
up on the wall and started shy-
ing darts at it. Well, you'd
think someone had let off a 36
hand-grenade when Hilgrove
saw them. He kicked up a
fearful shindy about it. Dam-
nit, that's what a dart-board's
for. Now he's nursing the thing
like a newborn baby. A comic
chap, Hilgrove. I don't like
him much."

Jim Carver only half listened.
Now there were only a bare
thirty minutes left to him. He
supposed, wearily, that he
should be interested in what had
happened to his friends, but he
couldn't be when his mind was
drenched with the image of
Marie-Josephe and when his
eyes sought for only one more
glimpse of a green frock and a
proud, defiant face.

"Did you find your friend,
George Holden?"

"Oh yes. I found George all
right." He went on looking
with hope that ebbed with
every passing minute. "Yes, I
found him. Do you remember,
in the train this morning, that
I asked you if you had ever
heard of a song called 'Savez-
vous Planter les Choux'?"

"I remember very well. I
told you that it was an old
song, as old as France."

"Well, I found the . . . the
girl who taught it to me."

"Ah!"

"You can say 'ah' as much
as you like. I suppose you
think I've just been hanging
round with a woman all day. I
suppose you think that I'm like
Charley Brewer. Well, you're
wrong. It's not like that."

"I have never thought of any
such thing. Tell me, Jim—if
you want to."

"I told you coming over on
the boat about George Holden,
and how we'd planned, when
the war was over, to go into a
sort of partnership to work the
land. Well, all that went when
George was killed and I got a
job in London. This girl—he
swallowed—"her name is
Marie-Josephe, by the way, this
girl runs a farm with arable and
pasture and stock. It's a long
way back there, over beyond
the cathedral, and she's got the
feel of it in her finger-tips. With
her I began to see the whole
thing working again."

"George and I were going
in for clearing first and sowing
grass, and then, gradually, we
were going to upgrade the
Shorthorns, breeding to blood-
lines. Then we had what I
suppose you'd call a silly
scheme. I thought, we both
thought, that one day the whole
world might be a hungry place,
and we'd worked out an idea
to keep country children inter-
ested in the land and stop that
drift to the pin-table saloons
and the petrol stations. But
the whole thing would work
with Marie-Josephe. I know it
would."

"How old is your Marie-
Joseph?"

"About twenty-one or twenty-
two, I suppose. I don't know.
She was only a little girl when
she taught me the song, years
ago, in the war."

"Is she pretty, Jim?"

Jim said solemnly, "She's the
most beautiful girl I've ever
seen in my life."

Luke Grenfell lit another
Gauloise. He said gently: "And
you say you saw this young and
beautiful girl in the role of . . .
of female agricultural laborer?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then how did you see her?"

"I saw her as the person I've
been waiting for always."

"Did you tell her so?"

"No. I . . . I hadn't the right
to tell her anything of how I
felt about her until just before
we separated. Then it was too
late."

"I don't think it's ever too
late, Jim." He stood up. He
said with affection, "Some day,
when I meet your Marie-
Joseph, I'll tell her what an
ass she was to let you go, even
for a little while."

"But you won't ever see her.
I tell you she's gone. God
knows where she is—and the
boat goes in twenty minutes."

"Listen to me, Jim. Shorty
knew what he wanted, and he's
cutting his way through to it
with a sword. You've got a
ploughshare in your hand.
Don't be a fool for the rest of
your life. See you soon."

"You will."

The pavements were less
crowded now as the men and
women of Boulogne began to
make their way to their homes.
A cool breath of wind lifted
the tablecloth and set the bay
trees rustling dryly. From the
bellies of the town the chim-
ing of the hour was like a
flight of pigeons across the
evening sky. Jim Carver drew
a deep breath and shivered.
The sweat had dried on his
body, and he felt cold, cold
and stiff and infinitely tired.

He didn't even bother to look
for Marie-Josephe any more, so
certain was he that the day
had run its course. Slowly and
with great sadness he took the
road to the harbor.

GENERAL DE
LA CHANTERELLE and
Marie-Josephe walked the ram-
parts of Boulogne side by side.

"By a strange coincidence,"
said the General icily, "I hap-
pened to be reading Rousseau's
'Emile' only last night. Per-
mit me, Mademoiselle, to quote
you a passage. 'Great eaters of
meat are in general more cruel
and ferocious than other men.
The cruelty of the English is
known.'"

"That can hardly be true to-
day," said Marie-Josephe sadly,
"for on all sides one hears that
the English at home have to
sustain themselves on one
mouthful a week. It is said
that their post-war knowledge
of the French language may be
concentrated into two words—
'Chateaubriand garni.'"

"Exactly, Mademoiselle. They
come to France only to satisfy
their gluttony, to eat, to drink,
and to pillage."

"Jim Carver didn't come for
any of these things, Monsieur
le General."

"Then for what purpose did
he come?"

"He came to visit the grave
of his friend, who was killed
while a soldier in the British
Army."

The General softened.

"I do not claim that all the
English are wild beasts. I my-
self have had experience of the
British Army, and I confess that
I found gentlemen among them,
gentlemen and brave men. The
English at war are support-
able. The English at peace are
insupportable. To-day, Madem-
oiselle, we are at peace."

"It is a strange peace in
which we live to-day, Monsieur
le General. Often at night
when the wind is in the north-
east, have you not heard the
sound of the guns of English
ships as they prepare, once
again, to defend their island?
It will be a sad affair for France,
I think, when the English can
no longer fire their guns for
their country and for ours."

"Mademoiselle, I do not wish
to discuss the political uncer-
tainties of the world with one
who is little more than a child.
On two separate occasions,
within thirty minutes of each
other, I have been insulted by
the English. Let that pass. I
am a man and I can recompense
myself in my own manner. But
you, you are a woman and I
demand that you indicate the
heartless villain who has
brought tears to your pretty
eyes. He will discover that
not even a grand English mild-
red can lightly cause distress to a
Frenchwoman."

"Monsieur le General, you
force me to relate the circum-
stances whereby you discovered
me in tears. May we not seat
ourselves for a moment? It is
more than half an hour that they
walk these ramparts as if they
were a barrack square, and I
. . . I am very tired."

"My dear child." The
General was instantly contrite.
He led her to a seat and re-
moved his panama hat. Fold-
ing his hands on his silver-
topped stick, he glanced at his
watch and gazed over the roofs
and the chimneys in the direc-
tion of the harbor. "We have
ten minutes before it is neces-
sary to descend, and you may
be assured that I shall respect
your confidence."

"Of that I am certain. Mine
is not a long but a simple story,
and when I have told it to
you, you will understand why
I, too, Monsieur le General,
find it difficult to believe that
the English soldiers are other
than gentlemen and brave
men."

"Mademoiselle, I am reluc-

To page 48



"Jam, please."

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CHICKEN NOODLE • PEA with HAM • OXTAIL

Page 47

A Royal Colour
for a
Royal Year



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To celebrate the glory of the Coronation Year, Lournay brings you radiant Royal Rose to accent your good looks and complement the clothes you wear. Crown your beauty with this regal red that has the merest hint of blue in its depth. With its velvet-smooth texture and famous staying power, Lournay gives your lips a creamy sheen that lasts and lasts.



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AND ROUGE BY**
Lournay



WITH LOURNAY ROSEGLOW FACE POWDER

Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of Leading Department Stores.

Continuing The Hand and Flower

from page 47

tantly prepared to be convinced."

"When the British came to France in 1944, a squadron, a troop of tanks, came to rest for a space in the orchard of my father. They had been in many battles, and they were going on to many more battles. They were English Lancers. I was only a little girl, but these soldiers were very welcome to us. One of them was . . . He was Sergeant Jim Carver. He was one who was gentle and strong and kind, and to me he gave the badge from his beret, the two lancers with the crown of the English king. He also assisted me to make butter in the dairy, and I taught him a song and he taught me English words.

"When he went away I was sad, for a very long time. I never thought to see this man again. To-day, this morning, we met in the Cimetiere de l'Est, and it was as if he had never gone away. I had become affianced to Henri Dubot and he, Jim, has also engaged himself to marry an English lady." She paused. She said defiantly, "I am no longer affianced to Henri Dubot. That affair is at an end for ever."

"Hut! And the Englishman, what about him?"

"That, Monsieur le General, is a question to which I do not know the answer. So overjoyed was I during the hours of the day that I permitted him to see that . . . that it was with me as if he had never gone away. I think I was a great idiot. Then, at last, when he said that he wished to take me into his arms, I considered the lady he should marry and . . . and to stop myself from becoming an even greater idiot I was very rude to him. I said things, terrible things, that would make him go away."

"And he went?"

"Yes. He went. His face became set with eyes of stone, and he only said 'Good-bye, Marie-Joséphine,' and all of a moment he was gone." She turned and said passionately, "So you see that it is all without hope. Surely if it were possible for him to think of me, he would at that moment have taken me in his arms and commanded me to hold my tongue? It was all that was necessary."

"You will find the reason, my unhappy one, in the works of Voltaire. 'The gloomy Englishman, even in his loves, always wants to reason.'" He stood up. "Come, child, we will go together to the point of departure. I will obtain satisfaction for the insults to which I have been subjected, and you, you will see if your Englishman is still of the same mind."

"But I never wish to see him again. Never. And more than that, I do not wish him to see me."

"Doubtless," said the General dryly, "you are now considering which order of nuns you will enter."

"But yes. How did you know?"

"I am not only a father, Mademoiselle, but a grandfather. Which of these two things do you wish the most? Not to see, or not to be seen?"

"Both."

"In that case," said the General briskly, "all I can do is to assist you to start the motor of your car and to bid you good evening. I, Mademoiselle, have serious matters to attend to."

Although the General was standing impatiently by her, Marie-Joséphine made no move. So high as to be almost invisible, a lark was singing over the dome of the Cathedral, and she was reminded sharply and with sadness of how she and Jim had listened together to that song. A melodious clamor of bells drowned the singing of

the lark, but it rose again, thin and insistent. She traced a pattern in the warm dust with the toe of her sandal.

"Perhaps, Monsieur le General, it would be better if I were to accompany you. Remember another of the sayings of Voltaire, 'The English people are people who always defend themselves.' These savages might do you an injury."

She jumped to her feet. "It will be necessary for us to hurry, for the boat departs at a quarter-past six. Possibly you will be kind enough to turn the handle of my car. I know a short way to the quay, and, once there, I can conceal myself, neither seeing nor being seen."

The Hand and Flower Darts Club was coming home. Led by Charley Brewer playing 'Colonel Bogey' on his mouth-organ and with the haggard Mr. Collins bringing up the rear, the tiny band of pilgrims trudged slowly along the cobbled quay towards the impatient ship. Mr. Collins walked with downcast head, his left cheek burning more fiercely from the memory of what had been imprinted upon it than from the harsh soap with which he expunged the symbol of his shame.

AGAIN, for the hundredth time since that fatal moment when the head curtains had parted to admit Charley, Mr. Collins remembered with sick despair the innocent but utterly damning sequence of events that had led to his downfall. All he'd wanted to do was to listen for a minute to the gramophone—for it was to the tune of "Baby Doll" that he had courted Emma nigh on thirty-four years ago.

But he had become as clay in the hands of the harpy inside, and he had watched, as if at a distance and with a fearful fascination, the person of the licensee of The Hand and Flower being subjected to one indignity after another.

She had twirled his quiff, unlaced his boots, bitten his ear, stolen his medal for playing outside-left for the Palmers Green Rovers, charged him over two pounds for a bottle of champagne that he hadn't even ordered, and, grossest insult of all—the had purloined unto herself the words of "Baby Doll," the words sacred to Mrs. Collins. Every protestation had been turned into an alleged advance, every attempt at flight rendered merely laughable because of the limpet-like manner in which she had attached herself to the lap of his best trousers.

His humiliation was complete. Not only had he himself courted disaster, but those

for whom he was responsible had run into trouble, each in his own way. Jim Carver, well, to be honest he didn't know about Jim—but his own experience, coupled with that of the team, could only lead him to suppose that Jim, too, had met his moral Waterloo. And he, a nice, steady chap, practically engaged to Cherry Mitchell if all he heard was right . . .

Shortly! Shortly had gone off and joined the Foreign Legion. Nice—that would be when Shorty's mum—if Shorty had a mum—came round to The Hand and Flower and started to create. "Pardon me, Mr. Collins, but I'd be most interested to hear the whereabouts of my boy, if you don't mind."

Perhaps the biggest disappointment of all had been Mr. Hilgrove. Only last night Emma had turned to him and said in her very own words, "I'm ever so glad Mr. Hilgrove's going, too, Fred. Adds a bit of tone, somehow, he's quite the gentleman, Mr. Hilgrove is." And what had happened? Mr. Hilgrove had gone off on his own after middle-day dinner and had only turned up again at the end, for his tea at the Eatotry.

Even then he'd been quite the gentleman—until a couple of strangers had picked up his dart-board when he wasn't looking and hung it up on the wall and started to play. You'd think the blasted thing was made of gold the way he went on, cursing and swearing and creating. Really, Mr. Collins would have called the police—if he hadn't been too busy ordering a bottle of champagne for Charley and praying that this unwelcome generosity would seal the lips of the Captain of The Hand and Flower Darts Club for ever.

Up to now, Charley hadn't spoken. But what he had done was to let Mr. Collins appear before the others with the mark of the beast on his left cheek; he'd said to Mr. Collins casually, meaningly, "I could do with a bottle of the same stuff you was a-drinking of last time we met, Mr. C.," and then, when the bottle had been paid for, he'd raised his glass and said: "Well, here's to them as keep themselves to themselves."

The only gentleman who'd behaved himself from start to finish as a gentleman was Mr. Grenfell. Him and Mr. Hetherington, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Pratt.

If only he'd got a pair of nylons, size ten and a half, and a nice beige . . .

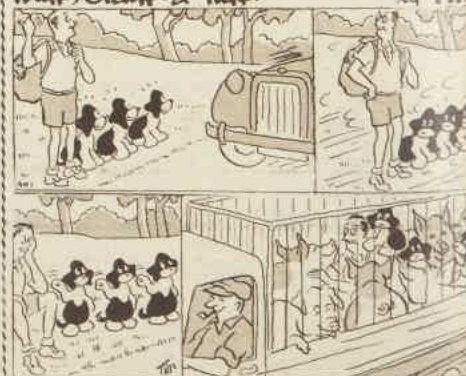
Trevor Hilgrove walked the cobbled quay. Though he found it more than distasteful to be

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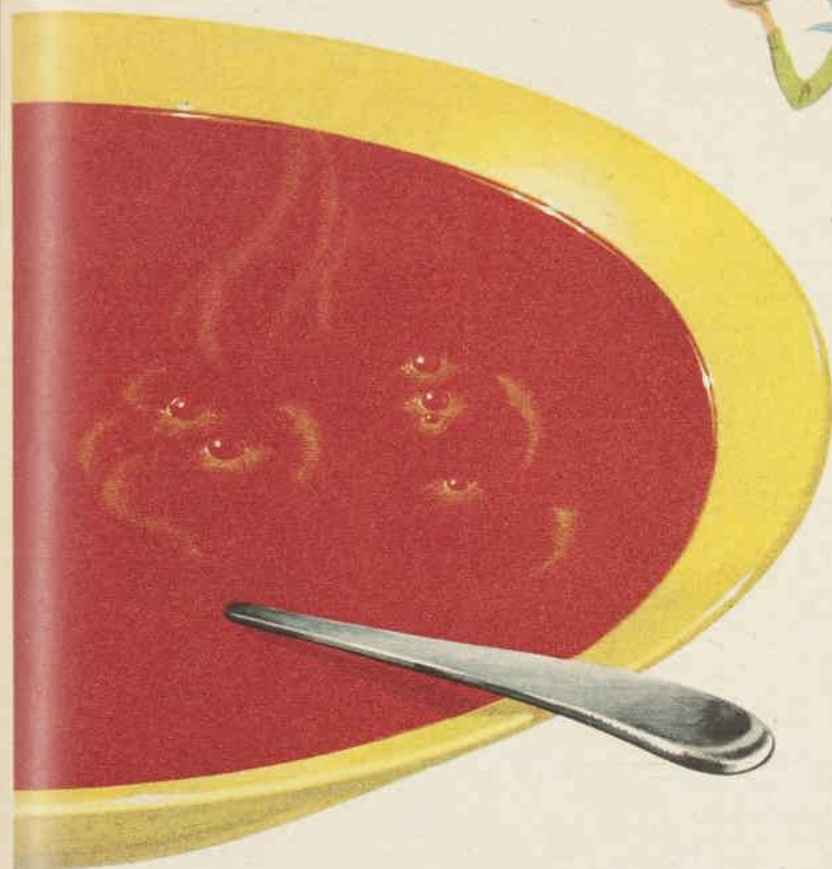
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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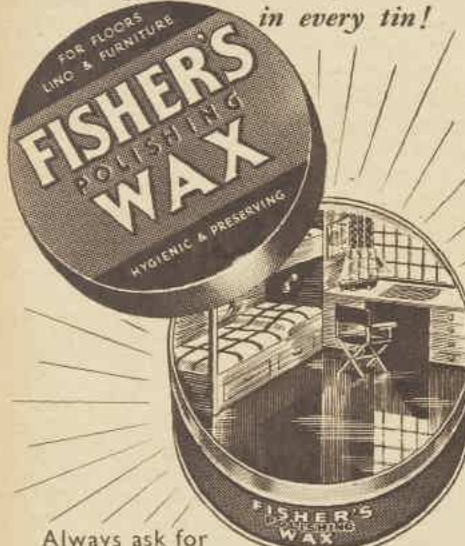


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Continuing . . . The Hand and Flower

(from page 48)

forced to follow the martial music of one who was half-seas over, if wholly triumphant, he marched with a good grace. A sinner on what he liked to consider the grand scale, Trevor had little sympathy with those who committed mere peccadilloes. What did it matter if Charley had come upon Collins in flagrante delicto? Though it was a situation that would give the greatest satisfaction to the customers of The Hand and Flower for months to come, it interested Trevor not at all.

His sole preoccupation was to ingratiate himself still more closely with Charley, so that, when the time came and the vessel was in sight of Folkestone, he would produce his well-rehearsed phrase. How did it go?

"Look, Charley, I've been carrying this blasted thing round all day. Time you took a turn. After all, fair's fair."

And things had nearly gone wrong. When he had seen those chaps shying darts at five hundred quids' worth of dart-board, his temper—always touchy—had burst like a bomb and there had been a brief but ugly scene. He had recovered his equanimity with an effort, and the incident—forgotten in Mr. Collins' discomfiture—had passed off.

Trevor Hilgrove had a taste for the grotesque. It pleased him mightily and added zest to his day that he should march behind a tipsy coalman playing "Colonel Bogey," while across his back he carried the symbol of genial democracy, literally lined with gold.

"Well," said the Purser to the Chief Steward, "here they come."

"Pretty to watch, Cyril. Pretty to watch."

They had shown their passports, had them stamped, been given their boarding cards, denied hotly that they were taking any francs out of France, said that they had nothing to declare, nothing at all. Obligingly, Trevor had turned round so that the lady examiner might scrawl her hieroglyphics in chalk on his dart-board. The formalities of leaving France were over, and it was only left to the remaining members of The Hand and Flower Darts Club to cross the cobbles, ascend the gangway, and make their way to the third-class bar.

General de la Chanterelle was known to every policeman in Boulogne as being a man of integrity and a personal friend of Monsieur le Commissaire. No objection had therefore been raised when he requested that he be allowed to station himself at the foot of the gangway. He leaned on his silver-topped stick, his one sound eye fixed unblinkingly on the exit from the Customs Hall.

"Funny thing," said the Purser meditatively to the Chief Steward, "how things have changed. I remember these day-trips before the war, when the police used to wheel the drunks aboard in hand-carts. Fighting, they used to be. And now look at 'em. Mild as a bunch of schoolgirls."

"True, Cyril, true. Proper dull it is nowadays. You don't need a master-at-arms. You need an arithmetic mistress. I wonder who the old boy in the black eyeglass is waiting for."

His curiosity was satisfied within a matter of seconds. As Trevor Hilgrove came out of the Customs Hall, the General took a step forward. Trevor stopped as if he had been turned to stone. For a second time Nemesis, in a tussle suit, a panama hat, and a black eyeglass, was waiting, and in a transparent moment of time

he knew that unless he could placate his enemy, during the next five seconds, disaster, utter and irrevocable, was upon him.

Once upon the gangway and aboard ship, he would be all right—and only then. Fifteen feet of quay lay between him and sanctuary. He advanced cautiously, every muscle braced. The General twirled his stick and his moustache.

"Trouble brewing, George?" said the Purser eagerly.

"Unless I'm very greatly mistaken, you are correct, Cyril."

Confronted by the General, Trevor stopped. He managed a weak but winning smile. He said politely: "Excuse me, sir. You are in the way. I want to go on board, please."

The General whipped a dirty visiting-card from his pocket and thrust it under Trevor's nose.

"Is this your card?"

"My card?" He read swiftly:

MAURICE SEVRIER
Taxis: All Informations:
English Spoken. Specialities.

Ah! This was a way out. He said easily:

"That, sir, is not my card. I am a British subject, my name is Trevor Hilgrove, and I demand that you let me pass. If you do not do so, I shall complain to the British Consul."

"If this is not your card—and I know that it is not—permit me to tell you that you are a liar, a liar and a vagabond." He raised his stick. Trevor hurriedly put his dart-board on the quay and backed away a step, his hands up and his fists clenched.

GENERAL DE LA CHANTERELLE repeated scornfully, "A liar, a vagabond—and a coward. I only set myself into conflict with brave men."

He turned, with a contemptuous flick of his stick, sent the dart-board rolling. Trevor Hilgrove gave a strangled, agonised shout.

As if impelled by its own malicious sense of direction, the dart-board trundled towards the edge of the quay, appeared to hesitate coquettishly on the brink, spun slowly round once—and plunged into thirty feet of water, mud, and sludge.

A few bubbles wavered to the surface and burst with a gurgling sound among the scum and orange-peel of Boulogne harbor.

Jim Carver walked alone. He had waited until the very last moment outside that café place, and now there was a bare five minutes, no six, before the boat would sail. It wasn't much time in which a man could make or break his life. He crossed the bridge, that same bridge that he had walked only this very morning on his way to look for George Holden, before he had ever known or cared whether the little Normandy girl in the pinafore was alive or dead.

If he had bothered to think at all about this young singer of old songs on a sunny morning, he wouldn't have remembered her as a living person, but as a pair of sunburned hands making butter and as the source of a song. The song had been remembered and more acutely felt because it had come to him during a brief respite from the clatter and the dirt of war.

He only realised now, years after, how blessed those days in a Normandy orchard had been, and how the simple fact of being physically clean and of being able to wash the separator in the dairy had calmed him and restored him and healed him. He had found

strength and sanity in the smooth handle of a spade, in the sight of corn curtsying after the stroke of the sickle.

It was queer, the sense of continuity you got from things like that. Even as a boy he never remembered learning how to work the land. You knew, not by a book, but by the texture of the sky and by the smell of the wind, the right moment to put a field under plough. What civil servant knew or could confirm that old ale—or better still draught cider mixed with treacle—was a fine stimulant for calves. You knew these things immemorably, and when you got away from them, they pulled you back.

He'd got away from them when a Cotswold farmer became a Lancer. But he'd come back. George Holden had brought them back with his talk of clover mixtures for grazing leys and breeding to bloodlines and parsnips for butter fat, speaking of fields that he'd never seen and never would see now. Then, when George was killed, there didn't seem to be much point.

The call had come again in Normandy, but it had only been a brief summons then, for the German armies were breaking, the hunt was up and the Lancers were harking forrard. France, the Ardennes, the Rhine, Hamburg, Lubeck, and the Baltic—and then Dover, the Depot, demob. He'd been restless, he supposed, after going so far and seeing so much, and that's why he'd stayed in London, shutting his ears to what he knew in his heart to be the slow, sure pulse of his blood.

In Marie-Joséphine the sound had become articulate. In the work of her hands he had seen clearly the work which his own hands were shaped to do. All these schemes that he'd worked out with George could have come true. They could have been real and shared with a woman he loved.

It was even funny, in a way, how George and he, a couple of unmarried sergeants, had solemnly thought up a plan to interest other people's children in the land. Other people's children! With Marie-Joséphine to bear them, he could guide his own sons' hands to the plough. It was a thought that lifted his heart and straightened his back. And what was it that Luke Grenfell had said? He had asked Jim what he was looking for. He knew now. It was a constant and abiding Love, rooted in the life for which he had been born.

"Par ici, Monsieur."

"Thank you."

He entered the narrow passage, dim after the sunshine outside, and showed his passport at the window. As the official stamped it and slid a boarding-card inside, he asked Jim how much French money he was taking out of France. Only the same amount that he'd brought in—less the price of a bottle of wine. "Monsieur has not had an expensive day."

"No, I suppose not."

He went on into the Customs Hall. No. He had nothing to declare. He had bought nothing, no presents for anybody, nothing at all. The Customs official said with a smile, "Next time you come to France, you must stay longer, Monsieur. Au revoir."

"Au revoir."

Well, that was the last of France, definitely the last. He walked slowly across the cobbles towards the gangway. Something had obviously happened, for half a dozen porters were gazing over the side of the quay into the water, shrugging and gesticulating, and a fierce old gentleman was being pacified by two policemen.

Jim glanced up towards the

ship. He saw Trevor Hilgrove's face, white and contorted with fury, looking over the rail. Charley Brewer was there, too, rubbing his cheek as if someone had slapped him—and Luke Grenfell—and Mr. Collins—all standing in a group, staring at the scummy surface of the sea.

"Hurry up, please."

"Yes, Sorry."

Jim handed over his boarding-ticket. He hesitated for a moment, wanting still to feel the soil of France under his feet. Then he walked with deliberation up the gangway and along the deck. Through the window of the first-class saloon he saw Mr. Hetherington, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Pratt sitting around a table. Mr. Hetherington was dealing. Jim walked on aft. He said to Luke Grenfell: "What's up?"

"I'll tell you later. Did you see Marie-Joséphine turn up?"

"No."

He moved a step away from the others and leaned on the rail. The gangway was lowered and dragged on its rollers across the cobbles. The ropes that bound the vessel fore and aft to the quay were cast off, splashed into the water. A man slow to anger, he was aware of an upsurging of resentment. It was an impersonal, cold rage, directed against the bricks and stones of Boulogne. With narrowed eyes and taut muscles he stood looking at France. Then, suddenly, he saw what he wanted to see more than anything in the world.

Despite her determination neither to see nor to be seen, Marie-Joséphine was unable to restrain herself from standing up and walking to the window of the buffet. She had driven the General at breakneck speed from the ramparts to the harbor and had then slipped away to sit in a corner in solitary unhappiness and self-reproach. She wanted the vessel to leave quickly now, and yet she wanted it to stay. She drew the curtain back a very little and looked.

Almost imperceptibly, the vast bulk leaned away from the shore and her heart sank. It was quite safe to come out now and she wanted passionately to be away from this place and alone.

She walked slowly out of the buffet and into the evening sunshine. There was her cat. She opened the door and got into it and pressed the self-starter. Nothing happened, nothing at all. It occurred to her how utterly lost and helpless she was without the man whom the cruel ship was taking away from her for ever. At that moment, she heard a shout . . .

When Jim saw Marie-Joséphine walking to her car, he acted instinctively. Before he knew what he was doing, he had climbed over the rail. With a lightning glance he measured the ever-widening distance between ship and shore. He shook off the hand that clutched his shoulder. The propellers were kicking up a smother of foam, churning the harbor as he leapt. His feet touched the edge of the quay and slipped. Desperately he clutched at a rusted ring, hung suspended for a fearful moment, drew himself strongly upwards.

Policemen and porters were running towards him and the old gentleman in the tussle suit was waving his stick. He evaded them with ease. Laughing, he jumped the wooden barrier. He saw Marie-Joséphine leave her car and come towards him. Never had he seen a woman's face so radiant.

So to the shrieking of police-whistles and the shouting of men, a Lancer came back to France.

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perched-on-wheels-biscuit-tin sort of car. Like the one in the photograph album . . ."

"That dear little car! Graham, do you remember that dear little car?"

"Indeed I do. Shall I ever forget it?" said the Colonel.

"It was positively the very first car that had ever been seen in this part of the country," said Mrs. Carmichael, putting on her sun-glasses again. "It gave us, as a family, an immense lift when my father bought it. Dear me, what a long time ago it is now!"

Marylin closed her magazine, took a plastic cushion, and joined her grandmother on the steps.

From the terrace the Colonel was grinning puckishly down at his wife. His very blue eyes were suddenly boyish, and in that moment Marylin knew just what he must have looked like years ago when Grandmama first fell in love with him.

"Lie!" said Marylin, stumbling on the idea suddenly, "don't tell me you eloped!"

"Well, dear, as a matter of fact, I did. Life, you might say, really began for me with

the coming of that little car, the first in the district, brass headlamps, enormous horn that you blew by pressing a rubber bulb!"

"You can't conceive the excitement there was in the village the night it arrived. Everyone turned out, the vicar, the doctor, the matron from the hospital. We had a houseparty for the great event."

"There was Cousin Lottie and one or two others I can't remember, and a most tiresome young man, the friend of one of my brothers, who came every year for the hunting and who had fallen off and broken a collarbone, so he was still there, albeit by chance. Convolutes. He fell off and broke a collarbone every year."

Mrs. Carmichael sighed and helped a worm over the stone steps back on to the flower-bed.

"What a wonderful summer this was. The weather seemed much better than it ever is today—the buttercups were much yellower, and apple blossom smelt much sweeter than it ever does now!"

"And I had my first grown-up clothes. For early spring

from page 3

and autumn, a good green wool frock and a fur muff. And a motoring hat! Everyone had one in those days. Like large, round, flat tea cakes they were, laid flat on the hair dressing, and swathed about with any amount of flowing veil. Oh, you may laugh, but they were very, very becoming."

"They were," said the Colonel firmly.

"The beaver muff is still somewhere about," Mrs. Carmichael continued. "I came on it the other day, when I was looking out old clothes for Miss Waddy. It made me feel quite sentimental. Strange how things go on but people wear out!"

"I remember what a shock I got when I was about your age, Marylin, and found, one day, your great-grandmother's bustle lurking behind a what-not in the boxroom!"

"Did you ever wear a bustle yourself?"

"Me? Not a false one, dear. By the time I had grown up, the female figure had been completely rearranged and we were all suddenly able to produce our own. It's a wonderful thing, isn't it, what can be done with the female form?"

"At one time I can remember being exactly like a pouter pigeon, with a positive rush of figure fore and aft. Then, all in a moment, the idea changed. The boyish silhouette came in."

"We adapted ourselves to it in the twinkling of an eye. I have often wondered how we did it. We functioned quite adequately, too. I nursed your mother for the usual nine months without a hitch."

She held out her hand without speaking to the Colonel,

who, with complete matrimonial understanding, laid in one cigarette.

"I was seventeen—and very pretty. Or so they said. Was I very pretty, Graham?"

"Not bad," said the Colonel absently.

"I had my first grown-up dresses. And the weather was wonderful, and, to crown it all, we had this new car. And with it came romance. True romance."

"Of course, there had been little affairs with choir boys, but they never went beyond notes and odd meetings in the graveyard—where I remember nobody ever had anything to say. But this was different. This was the real thing."

"He was so tall. He was so handsome, and then he had a moustache. None of the choir boys ever had moustaches. And he had a suit I thought exceptionally decorative."

She smiled and watched the white smoke rings from her cigarette drift against the summer sky.

"Twice," put in the Colonel, "which at that time was considered daring. I remember it well."

"All those delicious moments were ours," mused Mrs. Carmichael, remembering them.

"The first hand-clasp that goes on a little longer than absolutely necessary. The long, long looks that say so much more than words. The secret meetings. We used to meet in the woods. Or, if wet, in the hay loft. I wore lilac gingham and a wide-brimmed straw hat loaded with parma violets."

"Darling! Surely a little overdressed, weren't you, for the hay loft?"

"Not for those days," said Mrs. Carmichael firmly. "In those days ladies were ladies all the time."

Beauty in brief:

OATMEAL PACKS

By Carolyn Earle

● To ensure a smooth complexion, especially during cold weather, an occasional face-pack is a good standby. Whether your skin is dry or oily it can benefit from an oatmeal pack.

IF your skin is dry mix some fine oatmeal with bland toilet soap. Grate the soap first and dissolve it in hot water. Then whip it to a froth and make into a paste with the oatmeal.

Dip a clean face-cloth in the mixture and gently circle it over the face and neck until the skin has a healthy glow.

Rinse in warm water, then in cold, and lastly dab on some skin-freshener and let it dry.

For an oily skin take three parts of a cup of fine oatmeal, a dessertspoonful of grated toilet soap, and a generous pinch of powdered sulphur.

Mix these ingredients well and divide between six squares of muslin. Tie each square like a bag and use one each night on six consecutive nights by dipping it in hot water and mashing the skin surface as described above.

Throw each bag away after using. Rinse off the face as before and then use a skin tonic.

"Those were the days!" said the Colonel, and turned back to Births and Deaths again.

"Morganfield! By jove, I see that fellow Morganfield is dead, too!" said the Colonel, delighted.

"I used to drive with him about the country lanes in the new car," said Mrs. Carmichael, ignoring Morganfield.

"There were always errands to be done, which made adequate excuse. How wonderful it was tearing through the countryside madly at twenty miles an hour. Though it was considered unwomanly to take the wheel, he taught me to drive."

"The car gave us opportunities of getting to know each other that we could never have had otherwise. It was no time at all before he asked me to fly with him. At that time I was quite prepared to do so, even to the end of the world!"

The Colonel looked over the top of his paper. "Your grandmother is a very exceptional woman," he said. "Nothing daunts her."

Mrs. Carmichael acknowledged the compliment with a gentle bow, then went on: "However, he hadn't anything like the end of the world in

To page 53



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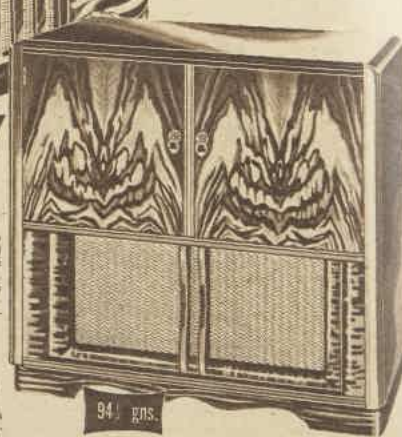
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Continuing Love Comes But Once

from page 52

Only London. We were, I remember, extremely cheerful, in spite of the romance in which we moved.

Colong had started, and we planned to go on a day when we knew that everyone would be out from the city at dawn, so giving us a good start. I felt uncomfortable about taking the car, but, as he pointed out, it was the only one in the neighborhood and so there would be no chance of our being followed and caught.

I gathered that a postcard from London, saying where it was lodged and could be reached, was the idea. Dear me, how excited I was. In those days we always had music after dinner and I had to sing," said Mrs. Carmichael. "Do you remember my singing, Graham?"

"I do, my dear. 'Rose in the bud,' and that delightful thing that went 'tum tum tumtumtum tum tum tum tumtumtum'."

"Two Eyes of Grey. That used to be so bright!" said Mrs. Carmichael, recognising it without delay. "I remember everyone said that I sang with so much feeling and looked so awestruck! And no wonder. There was always a secret meeting to be crept off to."

"Did you never meet anyone?"

"Well, we did. But it wasn't at all the same thing. I thought you were so carefully chaperoned in your youth that there wasn't a chance of such things."

"We were, dear. But you can do almost as much with a chaperon as with the female form, when put to it. Poor Cousin Lottie. I often think she didn't have much of a time."

"Your Cousin Lottie was a crashing bore," said the Colonel impartially. "I ought to know. I was incessantly having to sit next to her at meals."

"She was in love with the vicar, dear. It took it out of her."

"He had ten children."

"That made no difference. She was still in love with him. In quite a nice way, of course. The Church had immense power in those days. No vicar I remember ever stood less than six feet in his shoes, and they were always devastatingly handsome. I can see them still in my mind, positively towering from their pulpits. I can't imagine what has happened to them all to-day."

"They are in the army now, dear," said the Colonel smugly. "Poor Cousin Lottie. I still

feel ashamed when I remember the lies I told her, the deep deceit with which we laid our plans. I had to frigate an indisposition so that they would get accustomed to holding family prayers without me.

"We were very well brought up, dear. We had family prayers every morning. I was always the one left with a loose hassock, and nothing to pray at. The armchairs and grandfather clock were always hastily gagged by my brothers, who never failed to outflank me."

"Then came the morning we had waited for. Everyone went off cubbing just as we had hoped. Cousin Lottie went to Matins, leaving me, as she supposed, fast asleep. I remember I cried a little when it came to the point."

"Just for a moment I wished I had not been quite so rash. But my dear mother always used to say to us, 'When you have put your hand to the plough, never turn back. Stand to your guns!'"

"She was a soldier's daughter, married to a farmer," said the Colonel. "Hence the mixed metaphors."

"I remember it rained," Mrs. Carmichael continued. "Rain seemed much wetter in those days, or perhaps the hood didn't keep it out very well. It was raining quite hard as we tore down the drive and out into the open country."

"At twenty miles an hour!" said Marylin, laughing softly.

"Something about that speed, dear, I expect. Mercifully, the noise of the engine absorbed me of any need to make conversation, so I just sat and sobbed quietly."

"Did you leave the usual note on the pin-cushion?"

"Unfortunately, no. That was my one false move. I left it propped against the library clock. It was a very well thought out note, full of high-minded sentiments, ending with a Biblical quotation, I remember."

"I cherish it still," said the Colonel softly.

"His handsome profile, outlined against the autumn sky, comforted me a little, but not as much as I had hoped it would," said Mrs. Carmichael.

"Still, I loved him. Love and misery helped to make me forget lunch, but it could not tide me over tea-time. I was only seventeen, and soon I begged for my tea. He was very hard-hearted. He wanted to go straight on, but in the end he stopped, albeit unwillingly, at a small cafe in some little town or other."

"I had buttered toast, two vanilla slices, and three cups of

tea. I would have enjoyed it more if he had not sat and glowered at me all the time I was eating. Funny, the things one remembers!

"When we went back to the car it would not start. The engine kept giving curious gurgles, and then it would expire with a rude little pop. Children gathered. . . . It was extremely awkward, but I felt it unkind of him to blame me. 'But for your wretched cup of tea,' he said."

"I drew myself up, then, as I had seen my dear mother do on occasions. I could be very dignified when I wanted to, even in those days. 'Surely,' I said, 'this is not a very good beginning to our life together. If



"This it?"

you are going to begrudge me a cup of tea—"

"I stopped dead, dear, for I saw his face change. I have never seen a face change so rapidly or so pitifully, and I turned to follow his horrified gaze." For a moment Mrs. Carmichael stopped to remember the harrowing sight.

"Imagine how I felt when I saw my father approaching us. From the south! A direction from which we had never thought to anticipate danger! It seems he had simply taken the midday train, as soon as our flight became known, and hired a station cab, and cut us off. Funnily enough, neither of us had ever thought of that."

"Poor Liz! What a tragedy." "Yes, dear. It was. Moreover, father turned extremely nasty about the whole thing and sent for the police. The crowd began to thicken. I have never in my life felt so ashamed. I returned home utterly shattered. Do you remember, Graham, how shattered I was?"

"It cut me to the heart," said

the Colonel. "But at that time there was nothing I could do about it."

"I was put to bed in disgrace. There I lay, and in time I heard the distant shattering explosions that meant the car had recovered and once more reached the other end of the village, beyond the railway station, on its homeward journey."

"The family saw there was no chance of hushing up the disgraceful affair. The twenty, a child with an inquiring mind, had read the letter I left propped against the library clock before anyone else saw it."

"She had already told Cook, who told the laundress, who had mentioned it to the butcher long before the family knew anything about it. At the time I had personally decided the thing would be to die of love or else wait for him forever. . . . 'But it all came right in the end?'"

"Oh yes, dear. Things so often do, you know. I was married the following spring. I can recall every stitch of my trousseau. My wedding dress was white satin with a woven design of fleur-de-lis and a pearl front, and I had a going-away dress of good wine wool trimmed with lavender!"

"And did you wear the natty tweed, Graham?" asked Marylin, sucking a piece of grass. She got up and kissed the top of her grandfather's head. "What a wonderful story. And fancy my never having heard it before!"

"The natty tweed wasn't mine, my dear," said the Colonel. "It belonged to the chauffeur, Marmaduke MacAlister."

"The first of his kind in the neighborhood, dear," said Mrs. Carmichael, watching a gnat motif dancing against the summer sky. "He looked such a gentleman in his tweeds, and he was a most convincing lover. So eloquent. If I had known a little more, said Mrs. Carmichael, smiling at the Colonel, "it might have dawned on me that he must have had a good bit of practice."

"Long afterwards I came upon one of his most passionate declarations in a book, 'The Way of an Eagle,' by Ethel M. Dell. I think it was. When we were married, he was still in prison, poor fellow."

"In prison! For eloping?" said Marylin, shocked.

"Well, there were other little matters, too. Cash and things he had taken, it appeared, and, though I never really got to the bottom of it, it was obvious he wasn't at all what he seemed."

"It was a nine days' wonder. I can tell you, but I always felt it was rather a shame to blame Cousin Lottie, who had had no choice. Still, nine days soon pass."

"They sent the twenty home to the Hebrides. In no time the whole affair was forgotten. People's memories are amazingly short, you know. Thank goodness," said Mrs. Carmichael devoutly.

She removed her sunglasses, put on her reading glasses, and took "The Times" from her husband's knees.

"Try not to fillet it, my dear," said the Colonel patiently.

"Then it wasn't you at all!" said Marylin, disappointed. "When exactly did you come into it?"

"I was in it all the time," said the Colonel. "After the usual fall in the hunting field, I had broken my collarbone, and was staying in the house. Convolvesing."

He lit a cigarette and threw the match away among the snapdragons.

"It was the year I gave up riding," said the Colonel.

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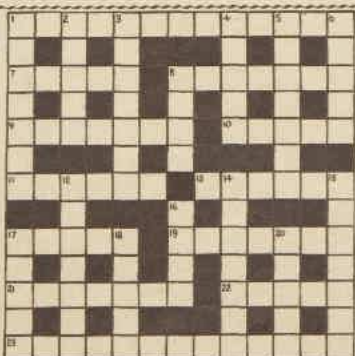
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- How can follow a daily tale (4, 1, 4).
- Spends out in times (5).
- Region of indefinite extent or a hauling machine (7).
- Town on the river Loire associated with a Rhavian heroine (7).
- Engaged an aspirated ego with a communist (5).
- Close-kissing cover the middle of which is full of warmth (6).
- Scottish grandmother and the first half of a waltz song (6).

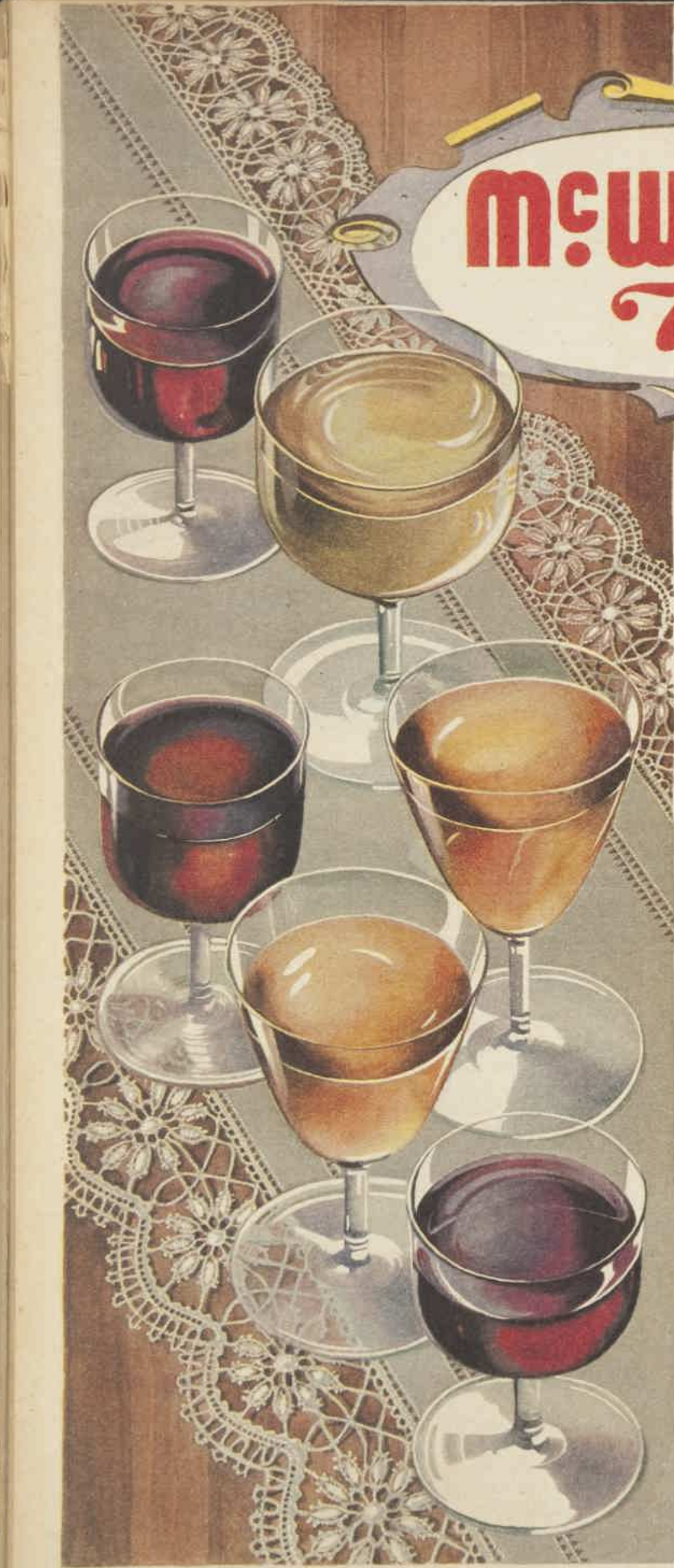
- Decorate a smart blow in the centre of the French (5).
- Look big (anag. 7).
- See in a scholarly way inside the obvious (7).
- Heading a disturbed game in a picture (5).
- Tellers often are but once they were not favored in the church (5, 8).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Burdensome (7).
- This feverish shivering is sick at the end (5).
- New rich whose head is in a high place but the rest is just at the beginning (7).
- A smash put out of countenance (5).
- Merit is upset in intervening time (7).
- Made a mistake by turning about with color (5).
- Request after tea is work imposed (4).
- Rejoicing the Spanish at an electrically charged particle (7).
- Arrest but impractical reformer, first conceived by Sir T. More (7).
- Going back mainly showing the way out (7).
- Nothing could be better (4).
- Castle in the air built by five hundred with twenty quires of paper (8).
- Coarse corundum made by a thousand in weird surroundings (5).
- Empty in a French negation (5).



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Continuing . . . The Best Man Won

from page 10

village loomed before my eyes. Thatched huts dispensing refreshments centred on a steaming cauldron in a clearing, and alarmingly authentic tribesmen were warming up for their war dance, impelled by the muted beat of the tom-toms.

Beyond the huts, hidden in the trees, were the animals—all decently caged, but roaring with realistic menace.

En route to the locker-room to change, I noticed several of our lesser executives—the pin-stripe and foulard type—looking sheepish in their breeches and helmets.

Strange thing about the pith helmet—or topee, as we called them in India. You have to be the right sort to wear one. And when I glanced at myself in the locker-room mirror, it was obvious that I was the sort.

The effect was rugged, intrepid. Eric Trippingham—adventurer, explorer, and regional manager of Primitive Perfumes, Inc. My tan, acquired on sailing week-ends, showed up to excellent advantage.

So it was romance that Alicia wanted, was it? I emerged from the clubhouse with a masterful stride and made my way down to the tribal village in search of her.

I could not spot Alicia immediately; the guests were arriving, and the area was becoming quite populated.

I was much in demand among the out-of-town buyers, but between pleasantness I kept an eye alerted for a certain young lady with devastating collarbones.

Boomer, in his ill-fitting breeches, kept bustling across my path on errands of exaggerated importance, and I must admit feeling a certain benevolence towards him.

Poor chap, I mused; let him have his moment of glory; it will be over when he learns he's not getting the promotion.

I discovered Alicia leaning exhausted against a tree. The poor girl had been worked half to death.

"Alicia!" I cried, nearly bursting with romance.

Her weary eyes turned and, growing larger with admiration, surveyed me from head to foot. "Why, you look wonderful in that get-up," she said.

She appeared most appetising herself with her collarbones well revealed.

I looked avidly at the curls lying on her fine wide brow, at her cheekbones tilted up to me, at the curve of her jaw, and at the one provocative collarbone so sweetly exposed. I clenched my fists, and the words tumbled from my lips.

"Alicia," I breathed, "you have nice bones."

Her eyes sprayed me with warmth for one fleet moment, and then someone tapped me on the shoulder. Boomer!

"Get on with it, Trippingham," he blustered. "There's work to do. Lish, honey, the Chief is looking for you."

Wrenched cruelly out of a romantic mood I might never recapture, I glared at Boomer with venom, and seizing Alicia by the hand I tore her away from his very vicinity.

"We'd better go find the

boss," she said. "Have you seen him in his breeches? He looks like a nervous turnip."

"They're usually phlegmatic, turnips," I said.

"He's got reason to be nervous," Alicia went on. "He's let Jim spend too much money on this picnic, and if the new perfume doesn't go over, the boss is sunk."

"Have you smelled the stuff yet?" I asked.

"No. Nobody has, except the boss. See that big perfume bottle on the platform? The chairman of the board is going to unveil it, and at the same time a fountain of Safari will spray up out of that big kettle."

We discovered the Old Boy gazing hypnotically into the cage of a rock python.

He appeared more distraught than ever, his jaws quivering in unison with the flesh on his plump hands.

At that moment the tom-toms ceased.

"It's the signal for the unveiling," Alicia said.

Now all conversation stopped with them, all eyes turned and saw the chairman of the board mounting the platform.

"Friends," said the chairman, a small man somewhat swallowed by his sun helmet, "we have come on safari in search of a rare perfume . . . one so rare that scarcely a living soul knows its fragrance. It is not for me to uncover this precious treasure, but rather the man who has led this safari."

I could see Boomer pushing his obnoxious way to the rostrum.

"The new perfume known as Safari," went on the chairman, pushing his helmet back so he could see, "the new perfume will be revealed for the first time by one of our fine executives who—you may be interested to learn—is due for more than one surprise to-night!"

He paused a second and then said: "I present Mr. James Boomer, who doesn't know that he is our new . . . Midwest . . . regional . . . manager!"

What was the ruffian saying? Boomer! I turned to stone, just vaguely aware that Alicia was pressing my arm in extreme agitation.

"Oh, Trip," she whispered with tragedy in her voice. "I thought that YOU—every one was so SURE—"

I reached for her hand and tried to think—to rationalise. But the disappointment had stunned me. I had a foggy impression of Boomer ensconced on the platform, bowing and beaming.

Then he summoned Alicia to join him in the spotlight; with hesitancy she complied, leaving my side reluctantly in this moment of my defeat.

There was a ripple of excitement as Boomer unsheathed the gigantic perfume bottle. Every one in the clearing pressed closer to the cauldron for a first memorable whiff of Safari.

Alicia, smiling sweetly but without heart, it seemed to me, had her hand on the huge stopper. That was the cue for the tom-toms to resume an ac-

celerated beat, which they did now with blood-curdling insistence.

The yellow twilight was turning pink; the atmosphere was tense. Alicia raised the stopper and bent forward to inhale long and sponily. Suddenly her face convulsed. It was a painful expression I could not identify until it exploded into a resounding sneeze!

At the same terrible moment the fountain of Safari shot up from the cauldron, its spray falling on the breeze. There was an experimental sniffing—and a sneeze from one of the guests.

And another. First gently, then convulsively. And someone coughed, a desperate, wheezing cough. At this point the wave of perfume engulfed me. I choked; I struggled; I could not breathe! It was my asthma.

"Tipter!" I thought again, "so is nearly everyone else!" Gasping, I fled the clearing for a breath of fresh air. In fact, the entire assemblage had the identical intention. They stampeded for the woods, pushing and coughing and sneezing.

The lucky ones who were not affected also stampeded for the woods, just pushing. I saw Alicia trip, and before the mob rode over her I snatched her up. Shielding her with my body, I assisted her to shelter.

Her eyes were swollen, and reddened, and her white face was blotched, but she looked beautiful in the dim light. In the panic no one had given the tom-toms the signal to stop, and the mounting din drove me to frenzy.

As my breath returned, I seized her roughly and planted mad kisses along her collarbone. Some fell into the hollow of her neck and wandered off over her shoulder. I didn't care. I was wild with feeling.

The keen hurt of disappointment, don't you know, and the spasm of choking, and the tom-toms beating with such passionate fury.

Suddenly the pliant creature in my arms petrified as a mad-dened scream split our ears:

"The drums! THE DRUMS! Stop the drums!"

"It's the boss," gasped Alicia. We rushed from our refuge and crossed the deserted clearing. The fountain had been quelled. A fresh wind had blown up. But there was the Old Boy, scratching like mad.

Several people were fluttering around him. The board of directors huddled in a disturbed knot nearby. Boomer was there, bumbling and bewildered.

"Funny," he kept saying, "the stuff didn't bother me at all."

The board members, I observed, glanced frequently in my direction, and at last the boss approached.

"Hives," he explained. "I get them from eating tomatoes, too. Trippingham, this has changed everything."

He glanced at Boomer. "You may consider yourself our new Midwest regional manager."

"Oh, I say," I replied, striving to maintain my usual aplomb.

"And, Trippingham," he added, "I'm counting on your perfumed lipstick idea to pull the company out of the red. Now if you'll excuse me—" He backed away, rubbing vigorously here and there.

Alicia raised her lovely face to mine. "Trip, dear," she said. "I hope I'm not allergic to moustaches." Her lips quivered. "I've never kissed a man with a moustache."

"I have," I replied. "When I was a small boy, my grandfather had a giant of a one. Reminded me of a shredded wheat biscuit. Scratchy."

"Yours isn't," she cooed into my moustache. Mine is the R.A.F. type, don't you know. Reddish, but distinguished, if I do say so myself.

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All spoon measurements are level.

DANDENONG CASSEROLE

Four medium-sized potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, salt, pepper, 1 carrot, 3 pork loin chops (large and thick), flour, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 small chopped onion, 1 stick finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg or 2 or 3 tablespoons milk, 3 medium-sized green apples, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon sugar, 6 large dessert prunes, 1 teaspoon gravy browning, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 cup water, 4 small tomatoes.

Soften but do not melt butter or substitute. Rub over peeled halved potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, then cover with grated carrot. Snip crackling of chops with kitchen scissors to prevent chops curling up. Dust with flour, place in baking-dish with small quantity of fat, and brown in moderate oven. Place prepared potatoes in dish at same time. Mix breadcrumbs with chopped onion, celery, parsley, salt, and pepper; bind with beaten egg or milk. Spread over chops, using about 1 of the seasoning. Wash and dry apples, leave unpeeled, cut in halves. Remove cores and fill cavities with cinnamon mixed with sugar, place a prune in each. Place in baking-dish. Mix gravy browning and meat extract with water or stock, pour into dish. Cover

with greased paper, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, bake 1 hour longer. Half an hour before serving place tomatoes in dish to cook.

To prepare tomatoes: Wash and dry, cut a thick slice from top of each, scoop out a portion of pulp. Fill with balance of seasoning.

FISH CAKE WITH CHEESE SWIRLS

One dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 small chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup chicken soup (prepared from a package), 1½ cups milk, salt, lemon juice and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 medium-sized tin of fish, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup diced cooked carrot.

Melt fat, add onion and green pepper, and brown lightly. Stir in flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in prepared soup and milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Add flaked fish (and any liquor from fish), peas, and carrots. Turn into greased ovenware dish, cover with cheese swirls.

Cheese Swirls: Sift 1½ cups flour with pinch salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder (or use self-raising flour). Rub in 1½ tablespoons good shortening. Mix to scone dough consistency with milk. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to ¼ in. thickness. Sprinkle with ½ cup grated cheese. Roll up, cut into ¼ in. slices. Place cut side down on fish, glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

DUTCH CASSEROLE

Half pound round or chuck steak, 1 pork fillet, ½ lb. liver (skinned and soaked 20 minutes in salted water), 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups water or stock, 2 medium-sized onions, 1 stick celery, 1 small swede turnip, 1 rasher chopped bacon, ½ lb. prepared French beans.

Wipe and trim meat, cut into ¼ in. cubes. Brown lightly in hot fat, lift out and place in casserole. Add flour to fat, adding a little extra fat if mixture is too dry, brown well. A little gravy browning may be added if desired. Stir in water or stock. Pour over meat in casserole, add sliced onions, celery cut into 1½ in. lengths, swede cut into thin slices, and chopped bacon. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours. Half an hour before serving-time, lift lid and add prepared beans, covering well with the gravy. Replace lid and cook until beans are tender. Serve hot with jacket potatoes.

VEGETABLE-MEAT CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds minced beef, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 cup apple pulp (unsweetened), ¼ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons fat, 4 medium potatoes, 1 carrot, 2 tomatoes, 1 sliced onion, 1 stalk celery, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup water or stock.

Combine meat, seasonings, minced

onion, apple, and crumbs. Bind with beaten egg. Form into balls, roll in flour. Brown in hot fat, place in casserole. Lightly fry diced potatoes, carrot, and sliced onion, add sliced tomatoes and chopped celery. Pour over meat balls. Add stock or water, cover, and bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour.

SAUSAGE HOT-POT

Two pounds sausages, 2 or 3 medium onions, 2 tablespoons fat, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1½ cups stock or water, salt, pepper, 1 rasher bacon, 1 apple (peeled and cored), 2 tomatoes, 1 cup shelled peas, 2 large potatoes.

Brown sausages and sliced onion in fat, place in casserole. Add flour to fat, brown lightly. Stir in stock or water, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and pepper, pour over sausages and onion. Sprinkle with chopped bacon. Add a layer of sliced apple, then tomato and peas. Cover with a thick layer of potato cut in to ¼ in. slices. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

**By Our Food and
Cookery Experts**



PORK CHOPS topped with seasoning, apple halves filled with prunes, potatoes coated with grated carrot, and stuffed tomatoes make a satisfying one-dish main course.

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Tested recipes win prizes

This week's winners:

- Shortbread Napoleons
- Savory Sausage Pie
- Bean and Apple Bake
- Butterscotch Cream

Quickly made and delicious to eat, shortbread napoleons head this week's list of prizewinners.

THE shortbread and cake for the napoleons are sandwiched with jam before cooking. This is quicker than the usual method of making napoleons.

A tasty way of preparing sausages, vegetables, and bacon with a savory potato topping wins a consolation prize. Try it for Saturday night's tea.

Bean and apple bake and a delicious sweet, butterscotch cream, also win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

SHORTBREAD NAPOLEONS

Eight ounces biscuit pastry, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, vanilla, 2 eggs, 5oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, raspberry jam.

Icing: One egg-white, 2 tablespoons sugar, coconut or nuts.

Divide pastry into two. Roll each portion thinly to fit 7in. x 10in. slab-tin. Place one portion in tin, spread with raspberry jam. Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill carefully into tin, spread with raspberry jam, top with second portion of pastry. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Spread with icing made by beating egg-white to meringue consistency with sugar. Sprinkle with coconut or nuts and return to



SHORTBREAD NAPOLEONS are a quick and easy version of an old favorite. The pastry and cake sections (joined with jam) are cooked together so the cream—a feature of puff pastry napoleons—is omitted. See prize recipe below.

oven until set and lightly browned. Turn out on to tea-towel, invert on to cake-cooler.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Hodgson, Knox St., Queentown, Tas.

SAVORY SAUSAGE PIE

One pound cooked sausages, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked carrots, 4 or 5 bacon rashers, 2 tomatoes, 1 cup water, salt and pepper, 1 1/2 cups mashed cooked potatoes, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon shortening, 1 tablespoon milk.

Skin tomatoes (by dropping in boiling water for 1 or 2 minutes). Chop roughly, place in saucepan with water, salt, pepper; simmer until tender. Fry bacon in pan until crisp, remove, add sausages skinned and cut in halves lengthwise; brown lightly. Place in greased casserole, top

with peas and carrots, pour in tomato purée. Top with potatoes creamed with parsley, onion, shortening, and milk. Bake in hot oven until potato is browned and casserole heated through.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Andrews, East St., Mt. Isa, Qld.

BEAN AND APPLE BAKE

One large tin baked beans, 1 1/2 cups thinly sliced peeled apples, 4 rashers bacon, 1 tablespoon brown sugar.

Arrange alternate layers of beans and apples in lightly greased ovenware dish. Top with chopped bacon, sprinkle with brown sugar. Cover and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Remove lid, cook further 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Small, "Uralla," 62 River Avenue, Chatswood, N.S.W.

BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM

Three-quarter cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, vanilla, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 cup sugar.

Mix brown sugar with flour and salt. Add sufficient milk to mix to a smooth paste. Add balance of milk and stir until boiling and thickened. Simmer 3 minutes, remove from heat. Add egg-yolks, butter, and vanilla; mix well. Pour into greased ovenproof dish. Top with meringue made by beating egg-whites with sugar. Place in moderate oven to set and brown meringue.

If liked, fill into 8in. pastry case; or, to serve with fruit, make without meringue, using 1 whole egg instead of 2 egg-yolks.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss P. Dunlop, Room 2, Ground Floor, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.

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CARDIGAN: Directions for sizes 38 to 43 in our Knitting Book, 1/6 at all newsagents.



Chocolate Crackle Pie with Banana Mellah Filling

SHELL: 2 ozs. Copha, 1½ cups Kellogg's Rice Bubbles, 2 level tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 6 level tablespoonfuls icing sugar.
Melt chopped Copha over gentle heat. It should be barely warm (test with fingertip).
Pour Copha onto combined Rice Bubbles, sifted cocoa and icing sugar, mixing well.
Press into greased 8" pie plate, covering base and sides evenly.

FILLING: 1 pkt. Vanilla Mellah, 1 pint milk, 2 bananas.
Make Vanilla Mellah as directed, using only 1 pint milk. Cool.
Slice bananas and place in pie shell.
Cover with cooled Mellah and chill.
Decorate at serving time with banana. On dress-up days add chocolate shavings too.

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Completely new and completely wonderful—a pie shell made in minutes *without cooking!* It stays crisp, cuts perfectly, never fails because you use Copha, the pure, concentrated shortening. Into this crunchy chocolate shell goes a fabulously smooth banana filling, made the take-it-easy way with Mellah. (Mellah cuts down time and work, saves expensive eggs and cream.) Picture the reception this beautiful pie would get on your family dinner table next Sunday—or sooner!



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Miss Frances Vine, leading fashion-expert, has made extensive use of Beutron Opal-Glo buttons on shirts, slacks and skirts. "I have featured lots of button-detail on skirt pockets," said Miss Vine, "and many of the skirts button at the side from waist to hem. Slack pockets often button, too, and most of our new shirts fasten with Beutrons. We found Beutron buttons take perfectly to laundering and ironing and the colours always harmonise. That's



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FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 486, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 64-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 486, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2542.—Smart one-piece for wool. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.



F2540



Fashion PATTERNS

F2540.—Attractive threesome includes a ballerina dress, contrasting redingote, and velvet cummerbund. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. plain material for dress, 7 yds. 36in. printed material for redingote, and ¾ yd. 36in. velvet and ¾ yd. 36in. matching taffeta for cummerbund lining. Price complete, 4/6.

F2541.—Boxy jacket suit. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 36in. material for jacket and 2 yds. 36in. material for skirt and collar trim, or 1½ yds. 54in. material for jacket and 1½ yds. 54in. material for skirt and trimming of collar. Price, 3/6.

F2543.—Ski pants and wind jacket. Sizes: Jacket 32in. to 38in. bust, pants 26in. to 32in. waist measurement. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material for jacket and 1½ yds. 54in. material for pants. Price complete, 4/6.



F2543

F2544

F2544.—Attractive and concealing maternity suit. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. plain material and 1½ yds. 36in. striped material. Price, 3/6.

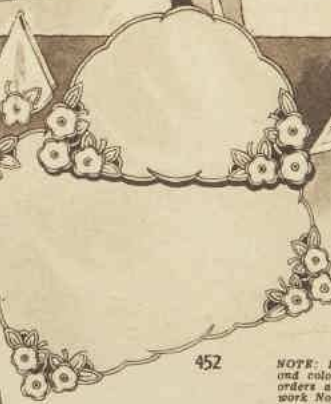


F2545

F2542



451



452



453



454

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 451.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS AND MATCHING PANTIES. A pretty one-piece design and matching panties are obtainable, cut out ready to make, with the embroidered motifs on the yoke clearly traced ready to embroider. The material is crease in pink, green, maize, and cream. 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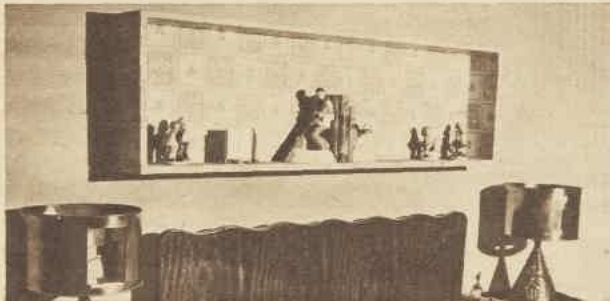


IN OLD-COLONIAL STYLE. Guest-room by Bruce Jeffree, interior decorator at a Sydney store. Walls and carpet are earth-brown. Ceiling and mural are white.

Modern home furniture

● The blending of traditional and modern furniture and furnishings is a widely followed trend in modern home planning.

Some of the newest ideas in home decoration are shown on this page. Most of the pieces were styled and made by Australians.

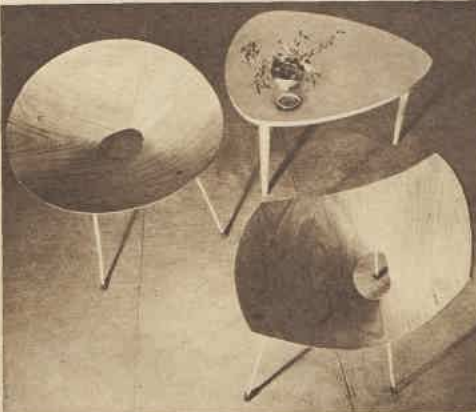


SHADOW-BOX above a bed is both decorative and useful yet very simple to make. This one, also designed by Bruce Jeffree, was covered with green-and-white wallpaper to match the color scheme of the room.



TERRACE FURNITURE in wrought-iron and glass (above), designed by Joyce Brown, has yellow cushioned seats.

SWEDISH INFLUENCE is seen in the bold black-and-white design of Australian hand-printed linen on the sun-chair at right.



WROUGHT-IRON lounge and dining chairs and table (left) in a smart design in black. Cushions are white.

MODERN CHAIRS. Weird-looking yet unbelievably comfortable, they partner a dainty heart-shaped table.



“Seeing’s
believing”

— says Mary Rawlins

“I always say, use Robin and you’ll get a gloss you can almost see your face in. And then Robin is so easy to mix — so much easier to iron with — so you couldn’t wish for a better starch — could you? Take my advice and rely on Robin — the starch that gives the right gloss to all linens”

Robin Starch

Gives Wings to Your Iron



“... and tell me now —

have you ever seen a really white wash that was not put through Reckitt’s Blue? Of course you haven’t!” No matter how you wash your white clothes, it’s always wise to remember that it’s the last rinse in Reckitt’s Blue that makes them sparkling white. There’s no substitute for Reckitt’s Blue to keep your white things a good colour.



Reckitt’s Blue

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest wash

“GROWING UP IN INGOLA”

Teddy Koala is so soft —
just like my

Ingola
CLOTHES





AUSTRALIA'S FIRST jersey SHIRT

A BLEND OF SUPERFINE MERINO AND NYLON



A lightweight "elastic" knit for ease in action.
Scarcely needs ironing. Doesn't stretch.
Washes easily without shrinkage.
Moth resistant.

ONLY COUNTRY CLUB SHIRTS HAVE THE *NEATLINE* COLLAR

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with
PRINCESS NARDA: Enter a deserted palace. They find a splendid banquet laid for them, which they discover is poisoned. As they start to

leave the sinister palace, the gates snap shut, making them prisoners. Searching for their captors, they narrowly escape death traps of poisoned gas, crocodiles, and trick beds. Entering a bedroom, they see a beautiful sleeping princess. NOW READ ON:



TEENA *lilla teeny*

GEE, TEENA - YOU'RE A PEACH TO LET US WATCH YOUR TELEVISION SET WHILE YOUR MOTHER IS OUT.



SO LONG!
BYE!

PIPSY! QUICK! START BUTTERING THE BREAD PLEASE. WHILE I RUN TO THE STORE - I HAVE TO MAKE UP ALL THOSE SAVOURIES AGAIN BEFORE MY MOTHER COMES HOME!!



GOLLY, THIS STUFF IS EXPENSIVE! IT TOOK MY WHOLE LIFE'S SAVINGS FOR A MERE COUPLE OF TINS OF ANCHOVIES AND A SPOT OF CREAM CHEESE



BOY AM I GLAD THAT'S FINISHED!

SOMEONE JUST CAME IN...

THAT'S THE VERY LAST TIME THOSE FRIENDS COME IN THIS HOUSE!

I THINK IT'S YOUR MOTHER



OH, TEENA! MY BRIDGE PARTY IS CALLED OFF AND I HAVE ALL THOSE SAVOURIES IN THE KITCHEN - DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU COULD GET YOUR FRIENDS TO COME OVER AND EAT THEM??



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"MIRIAM." - Smart uniform with a side-buttoned skirt is obtainable in British headcloth. The color choice includes white, natural, green, pink, saxe-blue, grey, and lemon.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 57/6; 40in. and 42in. bust, 59/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 36/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 38/6; 40in. and 42in. bust, 39/9.

"DOONE." - A practical one-piece uniform with front buttoned fastening is obtainable in British headcloth. The color choice includes white, natural, green, pink, saxe-blue, grey, and lemon.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 57/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/11; 40in. and 42in. bust, 62/7.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 40/6; 40in. and 42in. bust, 42/11.



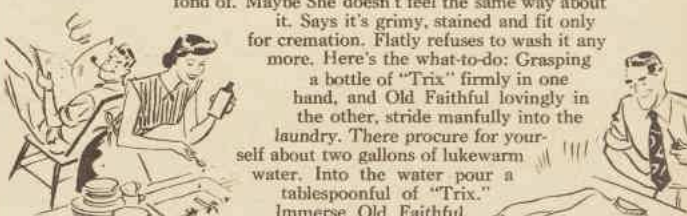
NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 88. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 648 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

for Men ONLY



WHEN THAT CERTAIN PARTY coyly suggests that you wipe-up a towering mass of dishes, tell her that "drying-up" is a form of slavery which was abolished by the invention of "Trix." It's a chore which no enlightened husband need ever again perform. The drill is simply this: Into the washing-up water you drop (at least, She drops) a teaspoonful of "Trix." No soap - just "Trix." Madame then gives the dishes and etceteras a once-over in the usual way and puts them out to drain. They drain dry, they dry with a gleam and every item is as clean as if it had been sterilised.

Maybe you've got a sweater or jumper you're fond of. Maybe She doesn't feel the same way about it. Says it's grimy, stained and fit only for cremation. Flatly refuses to wash it any more. Here's the what-to-do: Grasping



a bottle of "Trix" firmly in one hand, and Old Faithful lovingly in the other, stride manfully into the laundry. There procure for yourself about two gallons of lukewarm water. Into the water pour a tablespoonful of "Trix."

Immerse Old Faithful.

Squeeze! Watch the dirt spiral

out! Woollens washed with "Trix" come out clean,

fluffy, rejuvenated. And they don't shrink.

So the Little Woman doesn't like washing floors or wood-work? Shudders at cleaning gas rings; bristles at burnt baking dishes; loathes 'laving' the lino? Make a Big Fellow of yourself.

Introduce her to "Trix"... the detergent that tricks dirt and grease. No more messing about with soap suds.

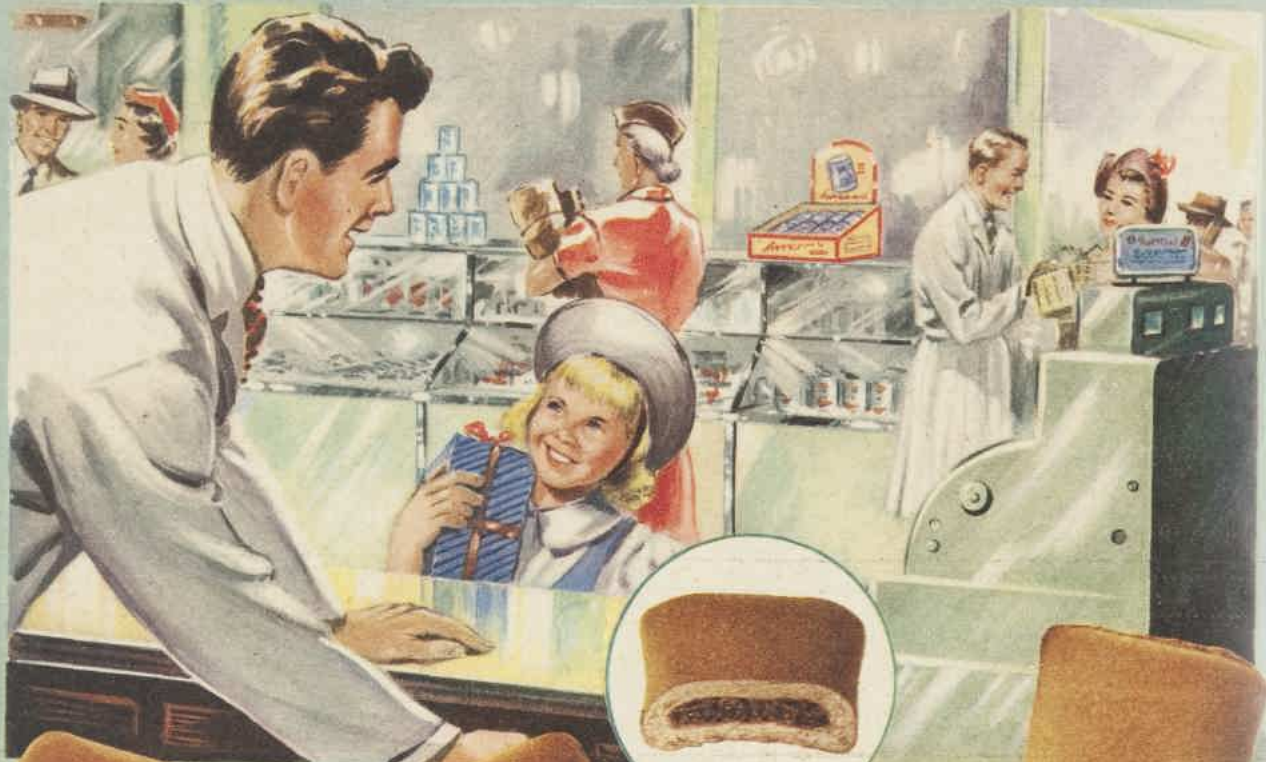
Whatever suds can do, "TRIX" can do better. (Note: Use "Trix" on your windows and for cleaning the car.)

Trix is twice as thick
that's why it goes twice as far



Anything suds can do
Trix can do better!

"I want the ones that look like
little pillows"



The Housewife's quick
pudding — A Sweet in
a minute! Warm them
in the oven and serve
with milk, custard or
ice cream.

Arnott's *famous* Spicy Fruit Roll Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality